This new treatment STOPS DANDRUFF

It's *quick.* It's *pleasant*

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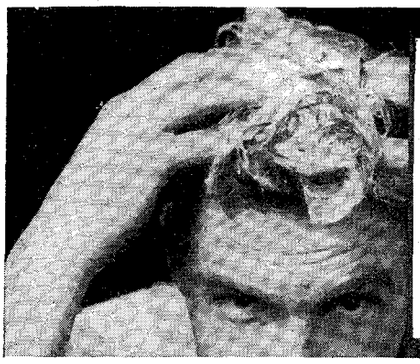
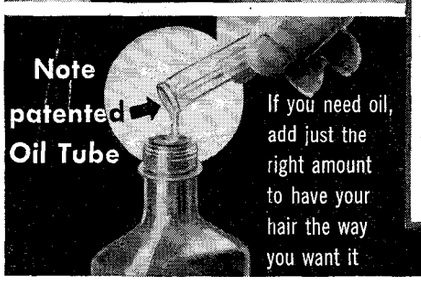


1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK

with Packer's Tar Soap

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine—and for 64 years, ever since Daniel Packer made the first cake, doctors have been recommending it.

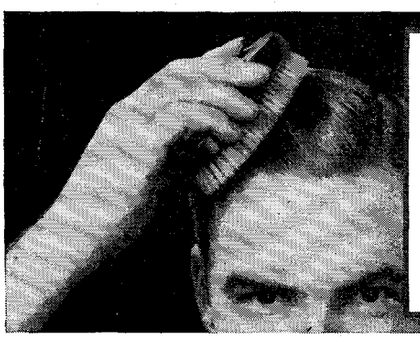


2 50 SECONDS EVERY DAY

with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into the pores of your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for only 50 seconds just once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable.* In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair and Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.



AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for *dandruff*—well, we'll make you a bargain! If you are not satisfied with the results—write us. Tell us. We'll cheerfully return your money. Start your Packer Treatment today—you'll see why we aren't going to lose!

PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

1 *Shampoo with* **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** *once a week*

2 *Massage with* **PACKER'S SCALPTONE** *every day*

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for FEBRUARY 25, 1933
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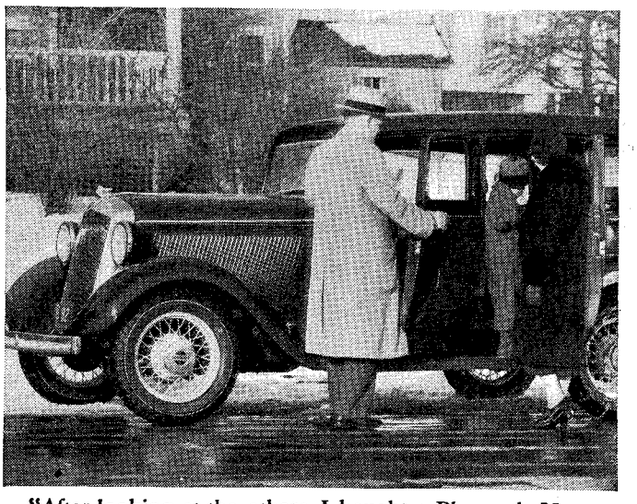
"Believe me, I want a Car that's Safe!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH POLICE LIEUTENANT AMOS ANDERSON, DARIEN, CONNECTICUT

"I not only *read* about traffic accidents . . . I actually *see* plenty of them in my police work . . . so *safety* means a lot to me."

"And when I went down to take a look at the new Plymouth I was thinking of much more than its good looks."

"I kept thinking about the protection my wife and little girl would get from that steel body and safety glass."



"After looking at the others, I bought a Plymouth. Nowadays, I feel a lot better taking the family out for a ride."

"I gave them all the 'third degree'. . . and then picked Plymouth"

YOU don't have to be a police lieutenant to know the need for a *safe* automobile on today's busy, traffic-stuffed highways.

We're *all* thinking of safety! As Lieutenant Anderson says: "It's a nice feeling to have a steel body between you and the other fellow's carelessness."

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You get a 70-horsepower engine . . . a "performin' fool" on the road, yet mighty easy on your purse, because we've engineered *excess weight* out of Plymouth.

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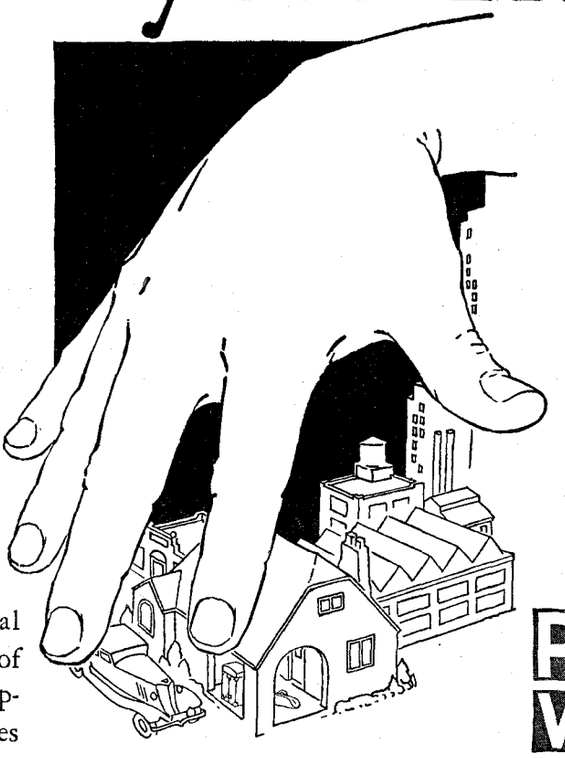
Preserve your Reserve



THE economic upheaval sharpened the foresight of everyone. Owners of all kinds of property are protecting their resources against all insurable hazards.

Serious setbacks due not only to fire but to explosion, windstorm, burglary, accident and other potential causes of financial loss *are* preventable through insurance.

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Consult your insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer. His sound advice is based on experience and technical knowledge. It is his business to help you safeguard your property.

Preserve your reserve. Don't wait for the unexpected to happen. See a North America Agent NOW . . . and "Protect what you have."

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Underwood & Underwood

Scene of the First Attempted Assassination of a President-elect of the United States

Bay Front Park, Miami. In the background looms the sky-scraper Dade County Courthouse. The would-be assassin was taken to the jail on the twenty-first floor of this building.

The Attempt to Kill the President-elect

"THESE THINGS are to be expected."

This was the remark of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt upon hearing of her husband's miraculous escape from an assassin's bullet at Miami, and it expresses the mood of much press comment after the first feeling of horror at the crime and relief for the escape.

Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley were assassinated, it is recalled, while Theodore Roosevelt was wounded while campaigning for reelection. All this explains why a President must be so closely guarded, why Franklin D. Roosevelt has been trailed by secret-service men ever since he was elected last November. As the next Chief Executive of the nation "he became immediately the target not only of pestiferous office seekers, but of cranks, maniacs, and disciples of revolution by force," observes the Boston *Herald*, and "despite the general peacefulness of the country, and the traditional respect for the Presidency, there is always the chance that lightning will strike in the form of an attack by some demented person."

The New Orleans *Tribune* agrees that "it is never possible to figure on assassination, because the assassin is, as a rule, a person of diseased mentality, and a crazy person may do anything to anybody." Since the President is the living symbol of the country, we read in the Cleveland *Press*, "it is reasonable to assume that an unreasoning mind might seek to exhibit resentment against conditions and circumstances by doing injury to that symbol, or by extinguishing its spark of life."

"It happened to be the fate of our city," says the Miami *Herald;* "it might occur anywhere. To guard our country we must protect with our lives the President."

"NOTHING except Providence seems able to shield our men in high office from the hand of an assassin," and fortunately Providence was on watch at Miami. And yet, further reflects the New York *Sun*, should we accept the circumstances that permit such occurrences?

"Here was a man of criminal and distorted mind who was able to obtain admittance to this country, to gain citizenship, to make a living, to nurse his hatred of rulers, to buy a pistol, to reach his intended victim, and to fire again and again at the object of his venom, five bystanders falling before his murderous attack.

"When a man of Mr. Roosevelt's kindly nature, a man so appealing in manner and so personally likable, can become the target of an evil creature, it is time to look about us and act. Not only must those raised to the Presidency be protected better than they have been, but we must see to it that freedom in America does not mean the freedom of the anarchist, the Communist, or the madman, to strike as he wishes.

"If Mr. Roosevelt had been the victim

Another War Map

A full-page color map of the Colombia-Peru region of conflict and the surrounding countries in next week's issue of The Literary Digest.

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of Zangara's bullets, the consequences, considering these times, might have been more disastrous than the imagination can picture."

But it was disastrous enough at that. Here is Franklin Delano Roosevelt, only seventeen days before becoming President of the United States, experiencing in advance that ever-present peril which goes with the power and glory of high office.

Mr. Roosevelt, to condense press reports from Miami, had just left Vincent Astor's yacht on which he had spent a restful ten-day holiday at sea. He had gained weight. He hadn't even looked at the papers he had brought with him. He came ashore in high spirits. He drove to Bay Front Park, Miami, where an enthusiastic crowd of perhaps ten thousand people cheered him as he stood up in the open car.

Mr. Roosevelt made a brief, graceful speech. As he sat down quickly, five shots rang out. Mayor Cermak of Chicago, who had come to the running-board of the car to greet Mr. Roosevelt, crumpled up. It all happened so quickly that stories differ. But it seems that Giuseppe Zangara, a short, stocky Italian, with a second-hand revolver purchased for the occasion, fired at the President-elect's car, while standing on a bench a few yards away.

Keystone

"Glad It's Me, Not You"

Said Mayor Anton J. Cermak, of Chicago, struck by an assassin's bullet intended for President-elect Roosevelt.

He missed Roosevelt. The assassin attributed it to the dense crowd about him. The bench may have shaken.

But there was also a woman standing next to the assassin who saw the pistol just as the man began shooting. She caught his arm, pushed it upward, called for help, and then the crowd piled on the assassin and the police took him. While the President-elect escaped, Mayor Cermak and Mrs. Joseph Gill of Miami were seriously wounded, and three others were shot.

Mr. Roosevelt, with utmost composure, waved to the crowd to show he was unhurt. Later he visited the wounded at the Miami hospital, and next morning took a train for New York.

In jail Zangara made a long rambling confession to Sheriff Hardie, which included such statements as these:

"I tried to kill President-elect Roosevelt because I have been in constant torment from a stomach operation.

"I have always hated the rich and powerful.

"I do not hate Mr. Roosevelt personally. I hate all Presidents, and I hate all officials and everybody who is rich."

Zangara was later identified as an Italian-born naturalized citizen, who had been a bricklayer in Paterson and Hackensack, New Jersey.

In Washington "there was a shade more anxiety on the faces of the men charged with protecting the life of the President of the United States," writes Raymond Clapper of the United Press. These men were particularly on guard against unbalanced persons who might be affected by the Miami shooting to imitate it by attacks upon either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt. They are perhaps all the more nervous since we seem to be in an era of assassination. In 1932, the New York *Times* recalls, more than sixteen persons of public prominence in various countries were victims or intended victims of assassins' attacks.

"Naked Repeal"

The NUDITY of the Senate's Prohibition repeal resolution impresses everybody.

With the very slightest clothing in the way of provision for the rights of dry States, this call for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was accepted by the Senate, 63 to 23.

"Naked repeal" pleases the wets, altho Nicholas Murray Butler does not like even the clause which would put into the Constitu ion the essence of the old Webb-Kenyon law. Most drys attack such direct repeal as bringing back inevitably the saloon and all its evils. "Liquor will be sold at every filling station if we pass naked repeal," shouted Senator Glass during the final debate. But he also declared that some Prohibition organizations "would rather have naked repeal submitted, so that they can appeal to the passions and emotions of the people."

After the wet verdict of the November elections, writes Arthur Krock from Washington to the New York *Times*, the dry forces determined "to emasculate any repeal resolution by anti-saloon or other amendments which would complicate the situation legally and produce conflicts between national and State sovereignty." But Speaker Garner insisted that the House should vote on straight repeal on the first day of the session. The vote was taken at that time, and repeal lost by two votes. Then Mr. Garner served notice that he would not let the House vote on anything short of "naked repeal." After much debate and maneuvering the Senate finally killed various amendments so that, as Mr. Krock notes:

"The only clothing worn by the repeal resolution is the garment of words which provide that liquor in interstate commerce shall not be delivered for sale or consumption in a State locally dry. Otherwise the repeal is as nude as the Speaker insisted it must be. The knowledge that nothing else would be considered by the House helped powerfully to accomplish this."

The Blaine repeal resolution adopted by the Senate reads as follows:

"Section 1. The Eighteenth Article of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is hereby repealed.

"Section 2. The transportation or importation into any State, territory, or possession of the United States for delivery or use therein of intoxicating liquors, in violation of the laws thereof, is hereby prohibited.

"Section 3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by conventions in the several States, as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the States by Congress."

Wet leaders are exultant. Alfred E. Smith is "very much pleased." Rufus S. Lusk, of The Crusaders, thinks this will be "the only resolution that will be ratified by thirty-six States."

On the other side such dry leaders as Ella A. Boole of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Senator Morris Sheppard declare that while they are disappointed, they intend to continue the dry fight by opposing ratification. Senator Sheppard does not believe that there has been any such change of opinion among the masses of the people as votes in Congress would seem to indicate. He feels "sure that the amendment will never be repealed even if submitted to the States."

And while it sounds smooth and easy as the wets win in Congress, Arthur Brisbane says in his New York *American* column that "getting that Eighteenth Amendment out of the Constitution will be neither easy nor smooth."

Conclusive action on the proposed twenty-first Amendment may be expected within four years, thinks Theodore C. Wallen of the New York *Herald Tribune*. He notes the way dry leaders are falling back on the thirteen States believed to be consistently dry, as "the last line of defense." But "the wet reliance is on the continued effect of the anti-Prohibition tide which asserted itself in the last year's primaries and the general election."

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To Hand F. D. R. the Economy Ax

SHALL WE MAKE MR. ROOSEVELT A DICTATOR? It's a white-hot question that is being hammered on the Washington anvil, and the sparks of controversy fly all over the land.

"I don't think the country is yet ready for a Mussolini.

"If we are, we'd better go the whole route and abolish Congress."

So declares the wrathful Representative Bertrand H. Snell of New York, Republican floor leader of the lame-duck House.

But no such plan is proposed is the retort. Mr. Roosevelt would not be a Mussolini. He would simply be given the power to cut government expenses to the bone.

And such an economic dictatorship might not be a bad idea at that, assert many editors. A dictator, they say, might get something done, and action, quick, decisive, is what the country is praying for.

ANGRY words fly fast as Senate and House try to decide how big an economy club they will hand to Franklin D. Roosevelt. On one side we have those who argue that Congress is cowardly, confessing its impotence in abrogating its power; they fear a breakdown in our form of government.

But this is an emergency worse than war, replies the other side, refusing to be even slightly alarmed at the prospect of centralized control.

The job of whittling another Rooseveltian big stick for the heavy-armed Franklin D. to swing on tax-gulping Federal bureaus was begun by the Senate. The country took one look at the weighty cudgel it produced, and exclaimed in wonder.

Then the House got busy. It went the Senate one better. If the country was surprized at what the Senate had done, it was amazed by the size of the club brought forth by the House. Amazed and alarmed in some cases, amazed and delighted in others. Then the Senate and House conference whittlers met to decide just how big the new Rooseveltian big stick shall be. It is interesting to compare the two proposals, so let's take the Senate plan first.

"Unexpectedly and without a record vote," the Senate agreed to give Mr. Roosevelt "almost dictatorial powers to abolish and consolidate executive agencies," writes the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*—

"Roosevelt would be able to abolish, merge, and reorganize executive agencies in almost any manner he desired.

"Congress, under the proposal adopted by the Senate, could override the Presidential reorganization decrees only by affirmative action in both Houses in passing a special law which would be subject to a Presidential veto.

"In effect, this would mean that reorganization orders promulgated by Roosevelt could be blocked only by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress, since it requires a two-thirds vote to override a Presidential veto.

"The ten major executive departments, as distinct from executive agencies, commissions, bureaus, and similar subordinate institutions, could not be merged or abolished by Roosevelt under the proposal accepted by the Senate."

STRONG medicine, to be sure. But the House seemed to think it rather mild. At the instance of Speaker Garner, Vice-President-elect, it proposed legislation that would make Mr. Roosevelt dictator of the budget for two years. Washington gasped at this plan to give Mr. Roosevelt what would be, we read, the greatest powers ever held by a President in peace time. In a nutshell summary, Walker S. Buel of *The Plain Dealer* tells us what these powers would be:

"Reduce or suspend 'contractual' appropriations, authorized under existing law, including veterans' compensation, mail contract, public works, and similar outlays.

"Hold up, impound, or reduce any specific Congressional appropriation.

"Merge or abolish any of the ten major executive departments, as well as executive agencies.

"Reduce at will the salaries of the Federal pay-roll.

"Make reorganization of the government immediately effective, whether Congress is in session or not."

As the proposal went to conference, observers expected to see a compromise between the Senate and House plans, but providing unprecedented powers for Mr. Roosevelt.

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Congress Delegates the Authority

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

The editorial breeze stirred by the Senate's proposal rose to storm proportions when the House acted.

Many critics of the House plan do not fear an economic dictatorship, apparently, but they berate this "cowardly" yielding of power.

"Will Congress abdicate?" asks the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.).

HERE, agrees the Washington *Evening Star* (Ind.), "is an admission that Congress has neither the backbone nor the courage to do its duty by the American people."

"But in principle the proposals are not shocking," asserts Walter Lippmann in one of his copyrighted articles written for the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"What is shocking is the danger that Congress will not act quickly and decisively in the present emergency. The country will not be shocked.

"For in their hearts the American people know that their hope of relief depends upon suspending the power of Congress to obstruct, to delay, to mutilate, and to confuse the measures which the incoming Administration will propose."

"Old-fashioned Americans may lament the passing of one more Congressional prerogative," says the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.), "but it is hard to see any other way out."

"A free people, confident of ability to maintain their liberties," thinks the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind. Rep.), "should not be afraid of a temporary emergency arrangement of this kind."

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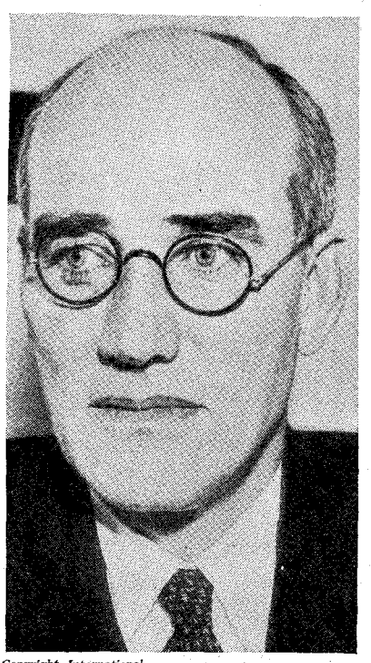
Michigan's Bank Holiday

THE GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN had $30 in his pocket, and his creditors were trying to collect $7,850 by garnisheeing his salary.

"I'll get along, I've got $30," he said.

And "I'll get along" represented the reaction of the citizens of Michigan to the Governor's order declaring a week's holiday closing the banks of the State because of the crisis in the affairs of one of Detroit's largest banks. Motor companies and other large employers agreed to cash checks for their workers with currency brought from New York or Chicago. Storekeepers agreed to extend credit. Grocers worked out coupon systems. Public service companies arranged to extend due dates on bills.



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"I'll Get Along"

Said Governor Comstock, as he faced the Michigan bank holiday he had ordered with only $30 to his name.

In general people were cheerful as they planned to get along without bank checks for a few days. "Sit tight, all is well," was the concluding recommendation in a front-page editorial in the Grand Rapids *Herald*, explaining that the Governor was acting with the advice of the highest officials in the nation, that while the Michigan banks outside of Detroit were in a perfectly sound condition, "the business of banking must necessarily be so interrelated that what seriously affects one large bank in Detroit may be felt adversely by other banks throughout the State."

Similarly the Kalamazoo *Gazette* told its readers to "sit tight," that the action was being taken for their interest. In Detroit itself *The Free Press* declared that this holiday was "proclaimed for the general protection of the State." The Battle Creek *Enquirer-News* and the Ypsilanti *Press* emphasize the fact that while the smaller Michigan cities gladly cooperated, the crisis was solely in Detroit.

THE Michigan banking situation seems to the Adrian *Telegram* something like the plight of a patient whose trouble the doctors have just been able to localize. It became obvious to Governor Comstock "that operative measures were necessary to save the patient, and he proceeded to initiate with sincerity, courage, and determination." As *The Telegram* remarks:

"It is not often that such a vital question is dropt for such quick decision into the lap of a Governor of six weeks' experience. Michigan's financial structure is being preserved, and millions of bank depositors have reason to be hopeful because its Governor acted quickly and wisely after consultation with national and State financial diagnosticians."

Thus calmly did Michigan accept what the New York *Herald Tribune* speaks of as "the largest temporary immobilization of credit facilities recorded thus far in the present depression."

Three days before the big news from Michigan broke, Governor Comstock was involved in financial difficulties of his own, fighting garnishee proceedings against his own salary for $7,850. That was on Saturday. On Monday he was called from the capital to Detroit to confer over a crisis in the affairs of the Union Guardian Trust Company, which, according to the Detroit *News*, "is of primary importance in Michigan's financial scheme." The next morning he issued the proclamation making the days from Tuesday, February 14, to Tuesday, February 21, inclusive, public holidays during which not a bank in the State was to be opened for business.

THE banks complied, tying up $1,510,385,767 in 581 banks, but it was soon evident that it was not quite as bad as it seemed. For instance, twenty banks in the Upper Peninsula, which is not in the same Federal Reserve District with the rest of Michigan, opened as usual. The Detroit Clearing House, to help small depositors, arranged that they could withdraw up to 5 per cent. of their accounts. When he heard that some banks outside Detroit were opening for essential business, the Governor made no objection, remarking: "The situation is not subject to rules, but to good judgment."

In the meantime millions in cash—$50,000,000 the first day—came from the Federal Reserve Banks in New York and Chicago and other sources, promising early relief. The problem of reorganization involving the Union Guardian Trust Company was taken up, with emphasis on plans to have large depositors agree to leave their funds on deposit for some time to come, or to convert part of their deposits into bank stock, thereby at the same time to cut down the banks liabilities and increase the capital. A statement by Governor Comstock that Henry Ford had helped to precipitate the trouble by refusing to join other large depositors in helping the bank was later denied by the Governor, who said: "I misunderstood the facts." As the New York *Evening Post* explains:

"The Union Guardian Trust Company is owned by the Guardian Detroit Union Group in which Edsel Ford, president of the Ford Motor Company, is a stockholder. The Group operates some twenty different banking institutions throughout the State. Union Guardian Trust has been granted two loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation aggregating $16,150,000. These were obtained before July of last year."

THERE was no question as to the stability of the banks, other than the Union Guardian Trust, we read in a Detroit dispatch from the New York *Times*, but—

"The similarity of names between the Union Guardian Trust Company and the Guardian National Bank, and the inability of the public to differentiate between the two institutions, because of interlocking directorates and ownership, was a factor in the declaration of a holiday when pressure on the Union Guardian Trust became severe."

Typical of outside comment is this from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Such 'holidays' are at best unfortunate, for they are certain to have a more or less paralyzing effect on business in the area affected, while they invite possible wide-spread withdrawals of deposits once the moratorium is lifted. Nevertheless, it would appear on the face of the information available that the Governor of Michigan chose the lesser of two evils in deciding to accept these risks in return for a breathing spell of approximately a week.

"Meanwhile it is well to bear in mind that the banking situation in Detroit is by no means typical of that of the United States as a whole, for Detroit has been subjected to a combination of adversities peculiar to itself.

"In the first place, it has suffered from the terrific decline in automobile production which carried operations in 1932 to not much more than 20 per cent. of the industry's capacity; in the second place, it is paying the penalty for a real-estate speculative boom, during the years immediately previous to the depression, of almost unequaled intensity and extravagance."

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President Hoover's Farewell Address

IN A FEW DAYS HE CAN GO FISHING, after dropping the biggest job in the country.

But before turning to the delightful problems of rod and reel, he stands before his 122,000,000 countrymen and gives them the benefit of advice, distilled in four grueling years of service, for the solution of their problems as a nation.

"President Hoover looms larger in defeat than he ever seemed at the peak of his power" is the reflection of the New York *Daily Mirror*. "Perhaps it is because, in the waning days of his term, he feels free to say whatever he wants to."

Various are the reactions to this valedictory address of the President, delivered at the Lincoln Day Dinner of the National Republican Club in New York City. Scant as was the political side of it, some observers interpret the speech as a declaration of Mr. Hoover's intention to seek the Presidential nomination in 1936.

"It is known," says Richard F. Warner of the New York *Evening Post*, in this connection, "that many of his stanchest friends already see in Mr. Hoover the Republican party's standard-bearer four years hence"—

"Mr. Hoover gave to his party renewed strength in its purposes and, at the same time, gave to the nation and the world his program for economic recovery—a program built upon the maintenance of the gold standard.

"He left behind him here for citizens of the country to determine upon the choice of three avenues—'the highway of cooperation among nations,' 'economic isolation from world influences,' and inflation that would lead 'to complete destruction both at home and abroad.'"

Facing 1,500 prominent Republicans in the main ballroom of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, President Hoover was applauded as he declared that the Republican party "will be recalled to power by the American people," and again when he said that—

"The Republican party will support the new Administration in every measure which will promote public welfare. It must and will be vigilant in opposing those which are harmful."

THAT was as near as the President came to declaring war upon the Roosevelt Administration, and as a result, the die-hard leaders of his party were disappointed, according to Louis Seibold of the New York *American*. They had demanded that the President provide a partizan program around which to rally, says Mr. Seibold, but "Hoover bluntly refused to accept suggestions along this line."

Warning against the "rapid degeneration into economic war which threatens to engulf the world," the President said that "the imperative call to the world to-day is to prevent that war." The gold standard, he said, "is the need of the world," for only by the early reestablishment of that standard can the barriers to trade be reduced.

"The American people will soon be at the fork of three roads," asserted Mr. Hoover, enumerating them as, first, "the highway of cooperation among nations"; second, "to rely upon our high degree of national self-containment," and, third, "that we should inflate our currency, consequently abandon the gold standard, and with our depreciated currency attempt to enter a world economic war, with the certainty that it leads to complete destruction, both at home and abroad."

Saying that the first road leads to "a resumption of the march of progress by all peoples," he added that it "can only be undertaken by cooperation among all important nations."

Turning then to the question "whether other nations will cooperate to restore world confidence, stability, and economic peace," Mr. Hoover warned against being misled "by the ceaseless stream of foreign propaganda that cancelation of war debts would give this international relief and remedy. That is not true," he asserted, for "these debts are but a segment of the problem." "If we are asked for sacrifices because of incapacity to pay, we should have tangible compensations" and "the world should have relief from the sore burden of armaments"—

"If they are unwilling to meet us in these fields, this nation, whether you or I like it or not, will be driven by our own internal forces more and more to its own self-containment and isolation, as harmful to the world and as little satisfactory to us as this course may be.

"But that would be the counsel of despair. The full meed of prosperity among nations can not be builded upon mutual impoverishment. It is to the interest of the world to join in bold and courageous action which will bring about economic peace—in which the benefits to the rest of the world are as great as to us—and we should cooperate to the full. Any other course in the world to-day endangers civilization itself. Unless the world takes heed it will find that it has lost its standards of living and culture, not for a few years of depression but for generations."

Keystone

He "Will Support the New Administration"

"In every measure which will promote public welfare." President Hoover and Mrs. Hoover smiling as 1,500 cheer them at the close of his farewell address.

PRAISE, for the most part, is the editorial reaction to the Hoover speech. Here and there a paper is inclined to argue with the President, but most of his old campaign foes refuse to get excited. Referring to our need to work "with other nations in strengthening the whole economic fabric of the world," the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) says that "no sounder sentiment could have been left by Mr. Hoover as a legacy to his successor."

"The President's dignified oration will have respect abroad and at home," adds the Hartford *Times* (Ind. Dem.), stressing the demand that Europe make concessions in return for debt cuts. And this from the Newark *Evening News* (Ind.)—

"The President never rose to higher stature than he did when he deliberately put aside the opportunity for partizan glorification and political capitalization to impress upon his hearers, abroad as well as here, the gravity of our situation and the straightest road to recovery."

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The Cuban Volcano

IN THE GUTTER LIES the bullet-riddled body of a young Cuban student.

"Shot when trying to escape," says the police report.

But the enemies of President Gerardo Machado shake their heads grimly and vow to wipe out that score along with many others. For this is a typical killing, they say—the convenient method used by the "despot" in the Presidency to exterminate his foes.

It's a volcano President Machado is sitting on. Will it blow him sky-high?

All around him are the spoutings of revolt. Bloodshed and violence are the order of the day. Terroristic methods attributed to the Government are met with terroristic methods of the opposition. Suffering from a thousand economic wounds, Cuba is ravaged again by bloody political turmoil. And the worst is yet to come, perhaps, for press reports tell of rebels organizing to attempt to overthrow Machado, who has ruled since 1925.

"To-day, President Machado is the Government," writes the Washington correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*, telling us how he maintains his power—

"His control extends through the Legislature and into the hall of the Supreme Court. His own hand-picked men run Congress, and his appointees to the Supreme Bench name, for his approval, the judges of the lower courts.

"The Army is his; also, the police. These forces he controls through regularly paid salaries. Yet, for all this, he goes about guarded more closely than the most dangerous prisoner in Havana. He knows the people want his resignation, and he knows that they say, 'America freed us from Spain; it should free us again.'"

International

"Very Pleased to Go"

But Cuba needs him, declares President Machado. His foes, calling him a tyrant, would be equally pleased to throw him out.

TRUE, President Machado has made many enemies because of his iron-handed rule, says Tom Pettey in a copyrighted dispatch from Havana to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "but economic laws, which Machado did not make, have played a prominent part in Cuba's misfortunes." And then he gives us a glimpse of how harshly the depression has scourged the Pearl of the Antilles; largely because of falling sugar and tobacco prices:

"Laborers are working for 10 cents a day throughout Cuba, and large numbers are unable to get jobs even at that wage.

"Weeds are choking out the grass and flowers along the once beautiful parkways of Havana, while deep cuts are growing deeper in the pavements of the boulevards.

"The Malecon, a wide, sweeping drive along the gulf front, remains well kept, but has not enough traffic to necessitate a policeman to direct it.

"The Prado, Havana's famous promenade, still is lined with tropical trees and flowering plants, but the seats alongside it are filled with unemployed, and few Cuban dandies are left to stroll its flagstones.

"Families carrying children in their arms are seen asleep in vacant doorways; others prowl about garbage pails for something to eat."

When Russell Porter interviewed President Machado recently for the New York *Times*, he found him "such an apparently frank and mild-mannered man that it was hard to reconcile him with the picture his opponents have presented to the world of a ruthless dictator who has initiated or tolerated many brutal torturings and killings of helpless political prisoners under the old Spanish *ley de fuga*, under which the police are supposed to be justified in killing prisoners trying to 'escape.'" As Mr. Porter described him:

"He is sixty years old, with gray hair, a heavy, mottled face, keen eyes shielded behind ever-present tortoise-shell glasses; he has a heavy-boned frame, is about six feet in height and rather corpulent of body."

DENYING that his Government is a dictatorship, President Machado insists that a majority of the Cuban people are supporting him. Furthermore, "he promised to hold an honest Presidential election next year, at which, he said, he would not be a candidate for a third term." As Mr. Porter summarizes the interview:

"Replying to charges of the Opposition, that he is trying to perpetuate his own régime by illegal, unconstitutional, and repressive methods, General Machado asserted he would resign his office 'to-morrow' if he could do so without endangering peace and order.

"To charges that hundreds of political prisoners have been killed after arrest by his secret police, that hundreds have been kept in prison incommunicado for months, and other hundreds exiled, he replied that those killed were members of a radical terroristic group who had attacked police, that only ten or fifteen political prisoners are now in prison, and that those in exile had left the country voluntarily.

"President Machado declared himself unequivocally opposed to any intervention by the United States to straighten out the tangled situation here."

"THE traditional security of the Cuban home has been destroyed and the consequent disruption of the entire economic life of the nation has followed."

So declares Gen. Mario G. Menocal, former President of Cuba and leader of the attempt at revolution in 1931. In a detailed attack upon the Machado régime, General Menocal, now at Miami, Florida, concludes:

"Volumes could be written of similar scenes of violence and insecurity to life and property under the existing Cuban régime, and it is not surprizing that the entire Cuban population have vowed their resolution to clean up this mess."

Our editors shows little enthusiasm for intervention in Cuba.

"President Machado is in most respects no worse than the rulers of most of the other countries in Latin America," says the Hartford *Courant*, pointing out that good government in Latin America is usually "armed tyranny" from our view-point—

"Before we rise in moral indignation over the conditions in Latin-America, it is well to remember that no attempt of the United States to elevate these standards has succeeded, and that a worse tyranny has often followed our intervention, no matter how high-minded our intentions or how carefully laid the framework of the new Government set up by us."

Bluntly, the New York *Evening Post* says it can see "little to choose between a Machado and a Menocal"—

"But it looks to us as if one more clean-up of the Cuban mess will be one of the first and most awkward operations of the Roosevelt Administration."

However, the United States ought not to become involved, if it can in any way avoid it, asserts the New York *Herald Tribune:* "The possibility, on the other hand, that it may have to act because of its obligations under the Platt amendment and its own interests, can not be lost sight of."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

IF 3.05 beer is firewater, it must be our janitor's notion of a fire.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

DARN quantity production. Fifty million ideas in stock and not one that will fit.—*Oil City Derrick.*

ALL Archimedes's lever needed was a fulcrum, and all business needs is a purchase.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

SOMETHING, we should think, should be done to confine the use of the new camera which takes pictures in the dark to strictly commercial purposes.—*Boston Herald.*

WHEN it comes to making speeches, Hooey Long certainly lives up to this name.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

WE wish Prosperity would recuperate from amnesia and contract a severe case of nostalgia.—*Atlanta Journal.*

MAYBE it would be better to have none but big banks. The R. F. C. can see big ones.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

THE only "secession" this country needs is the secession of the useless officials from the public pay-rolls.—*Tampa Tribune.*

THE main difficulty with the slogan "Buy American" is that its inescapable corollary is "Sell Only in America."—*Hartford Courant.*

HENRY FORD announces that these are not bad times, but good. What a whale of a difference a few hundred million dollars make.—*San Diego Union.*

Finishing Up the Dishes!

—Talburt in the Washington "Daily News."

IT's hard to get big men in the Cabinet. Their tax refunds attract so much more attention.—*Dubuque Catholic Tribune.*

RUSSIA teaches us that anybody can rule a country, but it takes mechanics to save it.—*Vallejo (Cal.) Chronicle.*

THE next time an American Admiral finds a backward little nation in the Pacific, he'll let it stay backward.—*Anderson (Ind.) Herald.*

THE sad fact is that the Senate does not seem to accomplish any more when Huey Long is not filibustering than when he is.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A NEBRASKAN is suing his community for 2½ cents change on a tax refund. The defense, they say, is that the town's money is tied up in a $2 bill.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

MR. INSULL wasn't so supernaturally slick as you may have heard. If he had only managed to stick around a little longer, look at the dent he could have put in the R. F. C.!—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE affairs of the world would straighten out, says an eminent British diplomat, if the nations would only get together in friendship, frankness, and cordiality. How about an open-arms conference?—*Boston Herald.*

MRS. HOOVER is taking photographs of all the rooms in the White House, and the President is packing his personal effects. One thing he will probably leave behind for his successor is the hair shirt.—*Springfield Union.*

As long as the Government furnishes members of the Senate aspirin tablets free when they have the headache, it seems nothing more than fair that it should furnish the tablets free to the public when members of the Senate give the public a pain in the neck.—*Macon Telegraph.*

NOTE to Japan: Those that live by the sword shall perish by the taxes.—*Palatka (Fla.) News.*

PEOPLE who feel the need of a dictator always vision him as dictating to somebody else.—*Mobile Register.*

IF Technocracy is to convince the rank and file, it has only to raise one can of corn without hoeing.—*Detroit News.*

FRIEND of the late Thomas A. Edison says to the press that his spirit paid him a visit. It is probable that this friend is a bit of an inventor, too.—*California Jewish Voice.*

SPEAKING of the forgotten man, what about the other Senator from Louisiana?—*Atlanta Journal.*

A JAP general warns us that Japs never retreat. Except from a position outlined in a treaty.—*Key West Citizen.*

IT looks as if the Technocrats made the mistake of putting all their ergs in one basket.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

NEVER yet have statesmen saved a country by opposing everything favored by the other party.—*Waterbury American.*

ANOTHER interesting speculation about technocracy is how heartbalm could be reduced to terms of ergs.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

MAYBE the police would be more successful in rounding up those bogus $20 bills if they'd send out a description of what a real $20 bill looks like.—*Boston Herald.*

So far as the women are concerned, we hope the bustle never does come back, but we'd like to see one get behind business.—*Ripley (Ohio) Bee.*

DARN it! If the Democrats save us, we'll never know how long the old car might have lasted.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A FRENCH astronomer claims to have discovered a new world. Well, they'll need a new world when they come to borrow money for their next war.—*Southern Lumberman.*

PERSONALLY we are always able to get some amusement out of a ringing exhortation to "Buy American!" that is printed on Canadian newsprint paper.—*Nashville Banner.*

THE Government, we read, takes thirty cents out of every dollar. But then the average citizen feels that that's just about what the government we've been getting is worth.—*Judge.*

SPEAKING of iron will, have you noticed how successful the Florida papers have been in choking back their sobs over the blizzards and things that are visiting California?—*Macon Telegraph.*

"HINDENBURG Has Only One Request to Make of Hitler."—Head-line. Bet a nickel we know what it is. Mein Gott in Himmel, shave it from the face off, your funny mustache already.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE Senate will appoint a committee to make a complete study of the economic situation, tho none of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speeches indicated that he thought he needed the information.—*San Diego Union.*

FIFTY-FIVE great leaders are invited to Washington by a Senate committee to explain the causes of the depression and to suggest cures. If the nation can pull through this ordeal, it bears a charmed life.—*The New Yorker.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Another Jungle War in South America

FROM WAR PLANES CIRCLING OMINOUSLY over a river cutting through a green, tropical jungle, bombs drop suddenly and put an end to the century of peace between Peru and Colombia.

Colombian transports, carrying troops to Tarapaca, one hundred miles north of Leticia, escape destruction. The Peruvian bombs, according to United Press dispatches from Bogota, fall in the neutral Brazilian waters of the Putumayo River.

And Colombian war-planes, commanded by Major Boy, a German war-bird, drive off the Peruvians.

But before the end of that day, February 14, the Colombia Government orders its Minister at Lima to enter formal protest

From the New York *Times*

War in the Upper Amazon

The disputed Leticia area, territory for which Colombia and Peru are struggling.

against Peru's aggression, to ask for his passports. The Peruvian legation at Bogota, too, is asked to leave.

"A gloomy day for South America," exclaims the conservative and influential *Prensa* of Buenos Aires, in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST. Remote as this conflict may seem to North American readers, immersed in worries of their own, the Latin-American press is keenly aware that unless an infection aggravated by hatred, bitterness, and conflicting interests, which has the little jungle town of Leticia as its focal point, can be cleared up, a whole continent may ultimately become involved.

BECAUSE of its location near the mouths of several navigable tributaries of the mighty Amazon, Latin-American experts explain, Leticia virtually commands the entire Upper Amazon basin, as well as the eastern slope of the Andes with its well-nigh inexhaustible resources of water-power, minerals, timber, and rubber. To work the industrial potentialities of this region no less than six South American nations must cooperate—Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Venezuela. Boundary disputes have generated the international friction which burst into flame on St. Valentine's day.

The chain of events which preceded the clash on the Putumayo was reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 14. Editorials cabled to us from representative dailies throughout Latin America indicate an apprehensive gravity. How prevalent and wide-spread this sense of dread has become is indicated by this statement of the Buenos Aires *Prensa*, published the day following the outbreak of hostilities:

"Yesterday was another gloomy day for South America.

"Diplomatic debate failed to impede the clash at Leticia. If this increases, it will produce a lamentable blood-stained struggle like that between Bolivia and Paraguay, without a declaration of war.

"Hostilities would deplete the energies of these young countries, energies so urgently needed for their own development, a loss that is never justifiable, especially when a cruel international struggle is utterly reasonless."

"Down with Peru! Long live Colombia!" shouted the crowds in the streets of Bogota, as they read extras declaring that war with Peru was inevitable. Surpassing all other Bogota newspapers in influence and circulation, *El Tiempo* issues the challenge that "eight million Colombians comprehend that war is hateful and cruel, but that fact does not defend our sovereignty." And *El Espectador*, one of the pioneer papers of the country, calls upon the nation to gird its loins for the inevitable combat:

"Until yesterday we were essentially a conciliatory and pacific people. We shall have to make a strong effort to master mental discipline, and concentrate our material energy in order to adapt ourselves rapidly to the demands of the unforeseen war with an enemy who has been traditionally an enemy of peace."

WHILE newspapers of Peru are subjected to strict censorship, they are, according to cabled editorials, certain that Peru is not responsible for the breakdown of peace. *El Comercio*, Lima's leading daily, asserts:

"Peru received with a serene spirit the report of the fighting along the Colombian frontier because no one in our country desired war, and because our diplomacy has been directed toward the avoidance of warfare since September 1, the date of the uprising at Leticia.

"Hostilities on the part of Colombia occurred while Brazil was attempting to mediate the dispute. Our country, then, is not responsible for whatever occurs."

Altho these two clashing nations are said to be of about equal military strength, their strategy is almost canceled by the problems of transportation, communication, and supply in the remote regions of the Upper Amazon. According to recent statistics, Peru maintains a regular Army of some 1,340 officers and about 6,000 men. In the event of war, Peru might arm some 20,000 men. Peru's Navy, according to the New York *Times*, consists of two oil-burning cruisers, an old coal-burning gunboat, four modern submarines, one destroyer, and four river-gunboats.

Not more than twenty airplanes of the Peruvian air force, the same authority assures us, could be converted into hydroplanes for use in the Amazon region. The Peruvian equipment includes ten bombing-planes and two speedy combat-planes. Peru is reported to have 3,000 men and twelve river-boats at Iquitos. Three of them are gunboats.

Colombia is equally restricted in war equipment. According to a United Press dispatch from Para, Brazil:

"The Colombian fleet which started up the river included the transport *Boyaca* (formerly the United States freighter *Bridgetown*), of 1,441 tons, which carried four guns, 787 soldiers, munitions, and supplies; the gunboat *Cordoba*, 473 tons, with four cannon and eight machine-guns; gunboat *Mosquera*, 794 tons, with four cannon, two antiaircraft guns and torpedoes; gunboat *Pechincha*, 138 tons, commanded by an American, Bertram Taylor, and three other gunboats."

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A Japanese Threat to Slam the Open Door

TO SLAM THE OPEN DOOR in the face of the world! Such is the threat of Chuichi Ohayashi, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs for Manchukuo, as reported in an Associated Press cable from Changchun. As quoted in the New York *Times*, this Japanese subject forecasts the next crisis in Manchurian conflict:

"If the League (of Nations) and other Powers shut the door of recognition against Manchukuo, boycott Japan, and then Manchukuo, Japan may be forced at the same time to slam the Open Door in Manchuria against them.

"Let the League and the Powers go their way, and we will go ours without misgivings for the future. Regardless of the world's recognition, we have one of the richest and most self-supporting countries in the world, and we can feed ourselves indefinitely without help."

This threat to "slam the Open Door" dramatizes the conflict between Tokyo and Geneva, between Orient and Occident in unmistakable terms, in the opinion of many editors. "The Open Door," it is pointed out, symbolizes equality of trade opportunities in all parts of China, one of the historic foundations of American policy in the Far East. Heretofore Manchukuo officials have pledged their support of the Open Door policy, despite rumors to the effect of a trend toward Japanese monopoly of trade and industry in Manchurian territory since Japanese military occupation of that region.

This outspoken defiance of the League represents the main current of Japanese opinion, according to editorials from the Japanese press cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST. One laconic United Press cable from Tokyo compresses much into few words:

"Japan will continue to ignore all efforts of the League of Nations to settle the Manchurian dispute, on the grounds that recommendations and negotiations of the League toward establishing Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria are illegal, a government spokesman said to-day."

To the somewhat sensational, tho independent, Tokyo *Miyako Shimbun*, the League's demand that Japan cancel her recognition of Manchukuo constitutes "the final high mark of discourtesy," and "this surely will be more than Japan can bear."

Stanchly behind the policy of the Government stands the Tokyo *Jiji Shimpo*, conservative and influential in business and political circles. This daily, according to editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, warns against premature withdrawal from the League:

"The Government's fixt policy is correct. Japan will never accept any solution by Geneva invalidating the complete independence of Manchukuo. The League appears to be determined to force Japan's secession . . . partly because of Japan's determination to occupy Jehol. The League fails to remember that the Jehol disorders were due to Chang Shueh Liang's intrigues, and not to the Japanese Army's determination. . . .

"Many Japanese are mistakenly advocating withdrawal from the League as soon as Paragraph IV of Article 15 is applied; but this would be a great mistake. The Government is eminently correct when it states that it won't even consider leaving the League until the Assembly's report on the recommendations is adopted. There will be time enough to decide when the League makes its final decision."

The *Kokumin Shimbun*, also of Tokyo, insists that the League is in the process of committing a serious blunder in denying the recognition of Manchukuo and basing its recommendations to the Assembly upon this basis:

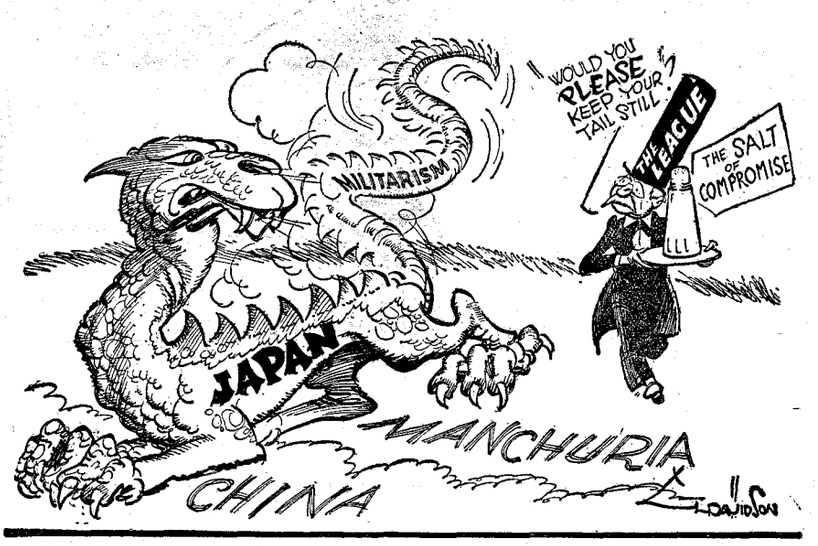
"It is true that the Chino-Japanese treaty of 1915, negotiated with Japan, fully recognized China's sovereignty over Manchuria, but the changed situation must now be recognized.

"Unlike in 1915, Manchuria is no longer part of China's territory. It is perfectly independent now.

"The League is equally incorrect when it proposes that non-League countries should be represented on the negotiations committee, which would be a direct violation of the Covenant."

EDITORIALS cabled from China reveal the Kuomintang press insisting that the only solution can be through military action by a united China. "This question of sovereignty by the League," exclaims the indignant *Shun Pao* (Shanghai), a government organ, "is designed only to save the face of the League and to maintain the balance of power in the Far East. The League could scarcely have shown a more conciliatory attitude toward Japan:

"Meanwhile millions in Manchuria are subjected to atrocities. The League's paper resolutions will be unavailing. Sovereignty can be restored only through our own efforts and through the recovery of the lost provinces."



Salt on the Dragon's Tail

—"The Evening Times" (Glasgow).

In virtual agreement stands the English-language Shanghai *China Times*, which is also affiliated with the Kuomintang:

"The fearless action of the Committee of Nineteen in overriding Japanese opposition and insisting upon non-recognition of Manchukuo and also in asking a direct answer on the question of sovereignty dissipates misgivings concerning the alleged British pro-Japanese attitude.

"However, even the unanimous disapproval of the Japanese actions can't save China. We must rely upon ourselves in regaining lost territory."

THE Conservative press of England seems to take delight in Japan's defiance. Dailies like the London *Daily Mail*, *The Morning Post*, *The Daily Telegraph*, warn against "well-meaning sentimentalists." Ignoring any question of right or wrong, *The Daily Mail* says:

"No European Power is deeply interested in the control of Manchuria, whereas that control is vital to the safety of Japan."

The Daily Telegraph and *The Morning Post* take the line that it really does not matter "because we have no intention of applying 'sanctions' or any other kind of pressure whether we think Japan is wrong or not."

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Moscow Goes Pacifistic

"THEY'RE SEEING GHOSTS AGAIN!"

So exclaims Eugene Chen, ex-Foreign Minister of the Nanking Government, when he hears the report from Tokyo that China and the Soviet Union have signed a secret pact—an offensive and defensive alliance. The rumor has it, too, that the United States has entered a secret agreement with these two formidable rivals.

Shanghai scoffs. Moscow denies. But in all directions that rumor from Tokyo girdles the globe. It evokes the loudest protests from the Soviet press. Russia, we learn, has gone so pacifistic she is willing to sign peace pacts with her bitterest enemies.

If we may credit the Soviet press, Moscow is now so peace-loving that "we are perfectly willing to conclude non-aggression pacts even with Manchukuo (which we know to be a puppet of Japan) and with Roumania, altho we still regard Bessarabia held by her as territory of our own."

"The Bear's Hug"

—"The Herald" (Dublin).

This new Soviet pacifism is explained by the erudite Karl Radek, expert in foreign affairs, in *Izvestia* of Moscow, official organ of the Stalin régime. Radek declares the present Manchurian conflict a death struggle for the Chinese market between Japanese and American "imperialisms." As Radek visualizes the Far East struggle in *Izvestia:*

"Insufficiency of the domestic market has rendered the conquest of the Chinese market a problem of life and death for Japanese imperialism.

"American capitalists, too, have come to feel that the domestic market alone no longer can give them the colossal profits to which they long since have become accustomed; they, too, have reached the limits of their domestic market.

"Hence, the conflict between these two imperialisms is unavoidable in the future.

"Other imperialistic Powers, and especially Great Britain, are doing their best to postpone decision of the question—which of these two rivals to side with?

"They are postponing it in order not to sell their assistance at too cheap a price.

"It is obvious that, in this conflict, the Soviet Union can side with neither party, for it is an enemy of all imperialism. . . . Its purpose is to make both these parties respect its peace and the integrity of its frontiers."

Turning to the question of Russia's relations with her Oriental neighbors, Karl Radek insists that Japan delayed the conclusion of a non-aggression pact with the Soviet Government by raising the question of Manchukuo. However, insists this Communist interpreter, the Soviet Union signified its readiness and willingness "to conclude non-aggression pacts with Japan and Manchukuo," and has thereby "deprived Japan of a possibility of accusing us of bellicose designs toward it and Manchuria."

Radek protests against any sinister interpretation of the Soviet Union's resumption of diplomatic relations with China:

"To assert that, by resuming them, the Soviet Union has deviated from its policy of non-intervention in the Manchurian affairs, is merely ridiculous: it is exactly in order not to interfere with the relations of two quarreling parties that the third party must maintain normal relations with both of them.

"Those who pretend to see in the resumption of the Soviet-Chinese relations an objection to the conclusion of a non-aggression pact between the Soviet Union on the one hand and Japan and Manchukuo on the other, thereby disclose their own selfish and aggressive designs in the matter.

"Thus, the Soviet Union has proven able to preserve peace both on its eastern and western frontiers because it has shown to the adventurous elements of imperialistic countries its ability to defend itself and peace, and because it has demonstrated to the reasonable elements of the foreign bourgeoisie that it does not intend to use its military might for the purposes of . . . questionable political adventurism and aggression.

"The strengthening of our defensive ability and a consistently peaceful attitude—such are the basic principles of the Soviet policy, which, we trust, will, in the final account, prompt even inimical elements in the Far East to give up the dream of aggression against the Soviet Union and seal this change of attitude by signing a non-aggression pact."

Gold-Rush Days in Africa

A NEW Eldorado in the heart of Africa? The London press is asking this question; and English eyes are focused on Kakamega, in the heart of Kenya Colony. Any day now, the more sanguine hope, we may hear of a gold strike "rivaling in importance that of Alaska." Writing in the London *Daily Mail*, Capt. Hugo Dunkerley vividly describes the picturesque "gold rush" to Kakamega, 200 miles from Nairobi, capital of Kenya Colony, and north of Lake Victoria:

"The gold-fields are about thirty miles long by fourteen miles broad, and already prospectors are going farther afield in the hope of making fresh discoveries.

"Kakamega is different from any other gold-field. The prospectors are amazingly varied. On one claim will be found a retired Indian Army colonel who happened to be farming at Eldoret but, having been eaten out by locusts, decided to look for gold.

"Next door may be a hard-bitten veteran who has seen the rushes in Australia in the early days and later, migrating through South Africa and the Rand, eventually fetched up in Kenya.

"Another is an ex-naval officer who gave up the sea after the war in order to try his luck ashore.

"Lawyers, doctors, architects, surveyors—all types are there with the one ambition to find the main reef. At first they were content with alluvial gold, and many made a living right from the start, but to-day the definite evidence that there are reefs waiting to be found holds out the prospect of wealth which was hardly dreamed of before. They are a good type, quiet, decent-living folk, many of whom would be more at home in a London suburb.

"The women, too, are as keen as the men. Many have adopted trousers for working at Kakamega, simply because they are more convenient, and there is not so much time for washing frocks as there used to be on the farms."

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Exposing Our Human Foibles

VISITS TO THE BOWERY and its purlieus have been favorite adventures of New York up-towners for years. The purpose often was to see the Sicilian marionettes enact the story of *Roland* and his sad end at Roncesvalles.

To up-town visitants the show was quaint, a little trivial, a little too crude to be called art, but to less sophisticated foreign denizens of the neighborhood it had all the reality of life, and to see the valiant *Roland* before his death fill the stage with broken bodies was an occasion of high excitement.

Various small companies of native puppeteers have tried to lift the esthetic standards of these puppet shows, but none has ever approached the expertness of Signor Podrecca and his "Teatro dei Piccolo," who have come to us from Rome and set forth a various program of acts nearer to modern life than their Sicilian compatriots presented.

"Its Idiotic Pianist Is the Epitome of Satirical Acting"

"No one with the slightest trace of morality would twiddle the treble keys the way this fellow does . . . smirk at the audience . . . in abandoned impishness."

THE critics' hearts rejoice over these dumb mimics of their living brethren and sisters of the stage, and grant that they outdo them.

John Anderson of *The Evening Journal* (New York) is one of the most exuberant of their admirers:

"Nothing, it seems, can dim their magic brains or move their wooden hearts; they have the human race at their mercy, and they know it; know it, indeed, with scurrilous impudence. We may have them on wires, but they have us on the hip, a more painful bondage, because it is celebrated in merciless laughter.

"If, for instance, you consider it enthralling to see a graceful lady dancer balance on one foot while she waves the other delicately at the audience, watch their vicious ballerina wave hers as if it were a bon voyage handkerchief and never take pleasure in a fluttering shank again. It ruins the whole pitiful achievements of shin-flapping.

"Or, if you relish the arrogance and bravery of Mr. Hemingway's 'Death in the Afternoon,' save your illusions from these mocking mannikins. To them it is only a funny parade, to be taken no further than you can throw a bull or a whole bull-fight by the horns. They are even without the decencies of sympathy, for death, to them, of course, is a joke, a humorous climax to be stared at without a quiver of sawdust insides. But it's a wonder they don't have nightmares in the privacy of their dressing-rooms, over the possibility of some day somebody cutting all their wires and leaving them a heap of trash. It would serve them right.

"Being immortal, they are naturally lawless, tho they have the effrontery now and then to pretend that they have souls. They are brassy enough to make love, to swoon sentimentally here and there in the lyrical postures of passion, and to make believe, even, that they are frightened. It is merely another way of ridiculing the rest of us. They have no practical every-day use for the law of gravity, so there's no point in reasoning with them.

"But theirs is, I must say, with faint envy, a harsh, brilliant, and permanent world, a world of caricature and hilarious jeering. It is a world of skulduggery and malice, but funny—immensely funny with the unflagging zest of sharp invention and boundless wit. One way and another they dare do anything the human race can do on the stage, and many things it wouldn't, since it has public scruples."

ONE act, the "Concert Party," seems to have caught the suffrage of all beholders.

Thus Mr. Anderson:

"No honorable member of the human race in good standing would, for instance, betray his fellows as shamelessly as they do in their famous 'Concert Party.' You may have the dancers who come apart while dancing, the wire-walkers who conquer the rules of equilibrium, the bull-fighters, the affectionate donkey, the Chinese acrobats, and the rest, but give me 'The Concert Party.'

"Its idiotic pianist is the epitome of satirical acting, and it is infamously true to all the weaknesses of the human race. No one with the slightest trace of morality would twiddle the treble keys the way this fellow does; no one would smirk at the audience, at the singers, almost at himself in this abandoned impishness.

"No human show-off would flap a coat-tail, or turn a sheet of music with the flagrant depravity of this malevolent but captivating fellow.

"You think they wouldn't and pray they wouldn't, but you know that somehow the caricature fits, that it is a universal and indestructible picture of all the foibles of concert pianists, and of the human race in general."

The Cover

IN these cold days it is pleasant to have a picture of inside warmth, sunlight pouring in, and the bright colors of flowers and fruit, not to mention the blue dishes of the breakfast table.

Bernhard Gutmann, the artist, returns as a contributor to our covers (see October 1, 1927), and in a letter expresses his artistic creed:

"At a time when everything seems to be in a turmoil, and the artists reflect this state of affairs, it seems to me an urge to accentuate the fact that the old fundamental rhythms are still the same and working with the utmost precision.

"So I made it one of my aims to add to the joy of life through my composition, color, and sometimes humor. I believe that every subject, every personality requires a different color scheme for characterization. It seems to me that color has not been sufficiently explored, and while it is true that color is not permanent, it is not less so than anything else in life.

"An artist has the right to express himself as he pleases. Of course, he has to take the consequences of his conviction. If his work survives the strenuous fight of the factions of his day, it is apt to be found and recognized."

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Nazis Barring Foreign Artists

IT TAKES MERELY A GERMAN NAME to be the open sesame for an author to get his play produced in the Germany of Herr Adolf Hitler to-day.

Anti-Semitism, anti-Slavism, anti-Gallicism are also factors in excluding works not only dramatic, but musical.

Artists bearing these hated names also feel the ban of the nationalistic fervor of the now dominant political party.

"The aim of the National Socialists is to push us back to the Middle Ages. Their politico-cultural demands are radical," writes Hans Heinsheimer in *Modern Music* (New York). "They set up the German superman against the 'inferior foreigners.'"

Here are some instances:

"Quite recently a National Socialist conductor in Vienna refused to lead a radio program on which the Czech violinist, Prihoda, was to play Mendelssohn's violin-concerto. As a National Socialist he could not sanction a Jewish work accompanied by a Czech musician. The demand for a 'German' program in the theatrical field, which is the main point in the cultural plan of the Hitler party, was fulfilled by the ruling caste in Germany in 1932."

Turning to the theaters we find the "supermen" prevail to such an extent as to show that "buy German" has acquired a strong hold:

"In the large, medium, and small theaters for the season of 1932-1933 the schedule of works by living authors includes 127 for the theatrical stage, of which 118 are by Germans, nine by foreigners; in opera, forty-six works by living composers; forty-two German, four foreigners. The nine foreign theatrical works consisted of one by Pagnol, one by Molnar, and seven by Shaw.

"Works by young Germans were accepted for thirty or forty theaters merely on the strength of the author's name. How startling these figures are is realized when we learn that in the year preceding, foreign and German works were about equal in number.

"Among the theater personnel, actors, managers, and directors who are foreigners are now just as rigorously excluded as the German Jews. There are exceptions, of course, the 'terror' hardly affecting prominent and established people.

"Men like Walter, Klemperer, Horenstein, Rosenstock, and a few others can retain their places. But a large number of excellent musicians have no positions, and the young people, the new generation of actors, singers, managers, and directors, are still worse off."

RACIAL censorship, we are told, has been most vigorous and noticeable in radio broadcasting:

"The summer of 1932, which of course effected a reversal in all branches of German official life, saw the German broadcasting organizations subject to a special law which brought them under the control of the Cabinet. The capable and independent director of the Berlin radio was dismissed on twenty-four hours' notice and replaced by a member of the Hitler party, who transformed activities in a few weeks. In a few weeks or months—an outsider can hardly appreciate the rapidity and completeness of the change—a new nationalistic radio has emerged, to replace the modern radio broadcasting that had hitherto prevailed.

"Perhaps the influence on the art of politics—more explicitly, of a great nationalistic movement—is especially strong in Germany because all these institutions are in the domain of the State. The radio has a supervisory commission of representatives from the Government and the political parties, who meddle in the most minute details of programs. Theaters are State and municipal enterprises and, in the cultural picture of 1932, the theater and radio programs accurately reflect the political metamorphosis of that year.

"But after all, too much importance must not be attached to these conditions. In a few months one can exhaust all the military marches, national, feudalistic performances, dramas, and operas out of German history that can be endured; boredom quickly develops. It is being recognized in Germany to-day that the man of 1933 can not be metamorphosed, culturally speaking, into the man of 1912, and that the time-spirit is more powerful than political guardianship.

"There is ground for faith in a rapid and steady improvement in the belief that the incredible and sensational changes in the general cultural status which I have tried to sketch, will soon seem like a nightmare that is banished when we wake from a heavy sleep."

Must the Metropolitan Opera Close Down?

WILL YOU RADIO OWNERS pay a penny a week to hear opera over the air?

This is Deems Taylor's proposal to help replenish the treasury of the Metropolitan Opera.

If a million out of the four or five million who hear the Saturday radio broadcasts each put aside a cent in a coin bank to be collected and forwarded later, he estimates, it would mean $10,000, which is about the cost of a performance. "Then everything that came in from the audience at the opera-house on these occasions would mean clear profit."

But this would amount to a help only.

The treasury at the Opera House is empty. The public is asked for contributions of $300,000 to insure next year's season, again a shortened one from this year's sixteen weeks, or the house must remain closed.

The box-holders who own the house, the company which operates it, and such leading singers as Lucrezia Bori, Edward Johnson, and Lawrence Tibbett, have formed a committee making this public appeal.

Published in the press the situation is thus set forth:

"In our opinion, the closing of the Metropolitan Opera House next year would be nothing short of a national misfortune.

"Not only would thousands of operagoers and millions of listeners to opera over the radio suffer a serious loss in their cultural life, but it would be a catastrophe too appalling to contemplate to throw out of employment at this time of acute depression the 770 employees of the opera company, most of whom, because of their highly specialized training, would be unable to find other employment.

"We therefore feel that no effort should be spared to make provision for continuing opera at the Metropolitan Opera House next season, with a view ultimately to placing opera in New York on a sound and permanent basis.

"It is obvious that opera can no longer depend for its sole support upon a small group of patrons as heretofore, and that to insure its continuance some plan must be devised to enlist in its support the rank and file of operagoers and of the vast audience who now listen to opera over the radio.

"We are convinced that Mr. Gatti-Casazza and his associates in the management will spare no effort to reduce the expenses of next season to the lowest possible point consistent with the high artistic standards which have always prevailed at the Metropolitan. Even when that is done, a substantial guaranty fund will be necessary to carry opera through the coming season. We believe that thousands of lovers of opera, not only from New York, but from the radio audience, will welcome an opportunity of contributing toward this fund.

"A definite plan of campaign will be announced in a few days. In the meantime, subscriptions to the guaranty fund in any amount will be welcome. Checks should be to the order of Metropolitan Opera Association, and sent to Miss Lucrezia Bori, chairman, Metropolitan Opera House."

Miss Bori reports through *The Herald Tribune* that the first mail after the appeal was published brought about $800:

"There were checks from $1 and up from people who enjoy the opera over the radio, and there was one contribution of $500 from good old Anonymous. Most of the checks were for $25 or more.

"It seems like a kind of altruistic reaction to our appeal. It's too early to say whether the campaign will succeed. I don't want to be too optimistic or pessimistic, either; it's too early to be pessimistic, anyway.

"We've had many messages of encouragement, and some ideas, too. I told those who brought ideas that we needed money, not ideas."

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The First Moral Utterance

THE WRITING WAS ALMOST ILLEGIBLE, the papyrus worm-eaten.

Papyrus wouldn't do, that was clear. Stone was the thing.

Taking a good grip on his chisel, the secretary went at his task of copying from the papyrus on to a piece of black rock. Pharaoh had ordered it as a permanent record for his archives. Secretarial duties were pretty difficult in those days, and the pay was nothing to boast about.

It was a long time before Moses, the Red Sea crossing, the forty years' wandering, and the Ten Commandments. In fact, this particular bit of copying was done about 8,000 years ago.

On this piece of black stone is written what Dr. James H. Breasted calls the Memphite Drama. It contains, he says, the first conception of social morality in human history. It says that "the God decrees death to him who doeth what is hated, and life to him who doeth things that are loved."

"That is right and wrong—the oldest moral utterance," says the head of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, who, through twelve archeological expeditions, has established a link with the past. They call him "Ptoliporthos," saver of cities. It is his business to turn up the dust of palaces and tombs and ancient cities and tell us what happened before Sargon ruled and his palace crumbled into ruin. One fact has struck Dr. Breasted particularly through all his vast research. It is that character building started in the dim dawn of man, and that only character matters. No one, he says, can stand on the site of Sargon's palace and not be overcome by the feeling of the immortality of man.

Wide World

The Emergence of Character

Says Dr. James H. Breasted, famous archeologist, is the most important thing in the development of man.

ON the eve of his departure from Chicago for another visit to the sites of the excavations in the Near East he sat in the institute and talked with Philip Kinsley of the Chicago *Tribune*. About them lay Assyrians, Babylonians, and Egyptians in grave clothes woven thousands of years ago.

"This thing called man," Dr. Breasted said, as the interviewer quotes him, "is the most wonderful creation in the universe. We must look at him with long vision and remember that his history goes back into unrecorded time. Nothing has been able to keep him down. He stands now at the beginning of a new exploration, that which is more important than anything in his entire history."

The first great cycle, or depression, in history, occurred in the twenty-third century before Christ, says Dr. Breasted. "Here for the first time man turned from outward and physical achievements to the inner values. An unknown Pharaoh of Heracleopolis addrest this instruction to his son: 'More acceptable is the virtue of the upright man than the ox of him that doeth iniquity.'"

From here on, down to 1,000 B. C., Dr. Breasted traces the ascending consciousness of man in the following inscriptions found on tombstones and ancient walls:

"'Righteousness is for eternity. It descendeth with him that doeth it into the grave . . . his name is not effaced on earth, but he is remembered because of right.'—From the Eloquent Peasant of Heracleopolis, 23d century B. C.

"'A man's virtue is his monument, but forgotten is the man of evil repute.'—From an Egyptian tombstone about 22d century B. C.

"'The people of his time shall rejoice, the son of man shall make his name forever and ever. . . . Righteousness shall return to its place, unrighteousness shall be cast out.'—Neferrohu, Prophet of Egypt, 2000 B. C.

"'O Amon, thou sweet Well for him that thirsteth in the desert; it is closed to him who speaks, but it is open to him who is silent. When he who is silent comes, he finds the Well.'—An Egyptian Wise Man of about 1000 B. C."

THESE are the first thoughts on the world, God and human conduct that we know, continues Dr. Breasted. "These were thinkers who lived long before the Hebrews, long before Moses, and before the first of the Hindu philosophers."

Dr. Breasted, we read, has just sent to his publishers the manuscript of a new book called "The Dawn of Consciousness and the Age of Character." In his preface he elaborates on the theme of man's destiny and his unquenchable spirit.

"The most urgent present need of America at this critical juncture is not more mechanization but more character," he says. "Over 3,000 years ago the social prophets of Egypt were hurling the same truth regarding their own land at the technocrats who built the pyramids."

As this discoverer of cities sees it:

"The process of mechanization which America has carried further than any other people will, of course, go on, and should go on, but not at the cost of character.

"The latest engineering vagary, a fad called 'technocracy,' according to its vocal high priest, is a complete substitute for all the normal processes of human society, and, as for any traditional sense of social responsibility, we have the pontifical deliverance that technocracy would even displace philanthropy!

"A glance around at our present social situation discloses that this is only one of many points at which human experience is being blithely thrown overboard."

THE most important thing in the developing life of man has been the evolution of morality, the emergence of character, a transformation of human life which can be historically demonstrated to have begun but yesterday, says Dr. Breasted:

"Out of prehistoric savagery, on the basis of his own experience, man arose to the vision of character. That achievement, which transformed advancing life, human and animal, on our globe was from a characterless universe, as far as it is known to us, to a world of inner values transcending matter, a world for the first time aware of such values, conscious of character, striving to attain it.

"With that achievement, man had discovered the new country, but he had not yet explored it. The discovery is a recent event, and explorations have consequently but just begun.

"They are an unfinished process which must be continued by us—by every generation."

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Israel's Alarm at Hitler's Rise

ISRAEL IS DISMAYED AT THE RISE TO POWER of Adolf Hitler, the Nazi chieftain who has rung all the changes on anti-Semitism, and demanded the political and economic extermination of the Jews in Germany.

On the hour of his appointment as Chancellor, it is reported, an exodus of Jews from Germany began.

Hitler's ascendency, writes Jacob Fishman, managing editor, in the New York *Jewish Exponent*, is "one of the most tragic events in the long history of Jewish martyrdom."

Describing the new Chancellor as the "modern Haman" and his appointment as "an insult" not only to the Jews of Germany but to the Jews of the world as well, Mr. Fishman gives vent to his indignation:

"There have been European Premiers before this who were surrounded with an anti-Semitic atmosphere, but never has such a Jew-baiter as Hitler sat at the helm of the Ship of State among modern civilized peoples.

"This bitter climax is the reward given to the Jews of Germany who poured out their blood for the 'Fatherland' during the war. Not less than 100,000 Jews took part in the war, which was more than a sixth of the Jewish population of the country, including women and children. Twelve thousand fell on the battlefields, and thousands returned home crippled.

"This is the reward for those two giants, Albert Ballin and Walter Rathenau, both of whom did so much for Germany."

"If the performance put on during the first twenty-four hours of Hitler's ascendency is a sample of what is coming," comments the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the alarm is not unjustified." For—

"The slogan roared by the triumphant Nazi paraders before the Presidential palace on Monday morning was 'Down with Judah!' Following this up, the leading Fascist paper in Berlin announced, with glee, that an exodus of Jews was jamming passport offices. No effort was made by the official organ of the Hitler party to conceal its view that those Jews who got out early would be wise.

"On top of this comes the manifesto of the Nazi party directorate, setting forth a program of unremitting pressure for full Fascist control of the Cabinet and firm enactment of the basic policies of the party—including expulsion, disenfranchisement, and expropriation of the Jews."

BUT Dr. Isaac Landman, editor of *The American Hebrew*, has an idea, he writes in the New York *Sun*, that President Hindenburg and von Papen "took a leaf from the book of Abraham Lincoln and brought their opponents whom they feared most into camp where they can watch them, perhaps control them, possibly bend them into the twig that shall make the newer German tree."

Perhaps the best picture of Hitler and his Cabinet, says Dr. Landman, is given in the German Democratic party's official bulletin. There Hitler is described as "an ex-corporal amidst a Count and four Barons" and as a Socialist who is "under the supervision of the foxy capitalist, Hugenburg."

"Upon analysis," writes Dr. Landman, "the possibility of carrying out the dangerous Nazi international program or the violent Nazi threats against the Jews of Germany seems to have been checkmated by the manner in which the Cabinet was carefully constituted."

German Jewish leaders, Dr. Landman tells us, are offsetting their distrust of Hitler with their faith in Hindenburg "as a pillar of peace." "We calmly wait," is the German Jews' slogan, says the Central Verein der Deutschen Juden, and Dr. Landman counsels:

"This statement from the central organization of the Jews of Germany is a message not only to the German Government and the German people but to the Jews of the world, who are naturally in a state of uncertainty and anxiety as regards their brethren in the Reich.

"Those of us in the United States who are in touch with the German situation hope that the Jews of the rest of the world, and especially those of American Jewish organizations which concern themselves with the political and economic problems of Jews in countries outside our own, will remain calm, equally with the Jews of Germany, and quietly await developments."

The Problems of Birth Selection

BIRTH SELECTION rather than birth control is to be strest in the future by the American Birth Control League.

The birth-rate of the United States is already falling so rapidly as "virtually to imperil the continued existence of the country," says Dr. Louis I. Dublin, third vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The population of the United States, he believes, will be stationary in a few decades, and after that, at the present rate, it will decline.

So birth selection is on the program. But who's to do the selecting? Who's to do the enforcing? As some see it, the "controllers" and "selecters" go about their program pretty blithely, without taking into consideration the dangers and difficulties it involves.

If the "controllers" had been in power at the time, Franklin wouldn't have been born, it is pointed out; and if the "selecters" had been in existence fatherhood would have been denied to Tom Lincoln.

And the world would have been the poorer.

In fact, it is hazarded that some of the "controllers" and "selecters" themselves wouldn't be here if such a program had been adopted earlier in the history of the country.

And there's the rub.

"The League doesn't want to spread the impression that its whole policy is in favor of limiting the population," says Mrs. F. Robertson Jones in a statement preliminary to the annual convention held recently in New York. "We want families," as *The Herald Tribune* reports her, "that should have children to have them, but to make sure they are in a position to bring healthy children into the world. We shall carry on our birth-control clinics as before, but we are just as much interested in helping the right sort of persons to have more children when they want them as in helping others to have fewer. We want to correct any impression on the part of the public at large that we are against having healthy children."

THE words "eugenics" and "birth selection" floated all day through the Victorian elegance of the Gotham Hotel on the day of the convention, we read in *The Herald Tribune*.

"They marked a change in emphasis by the League from plain birth-control propaganda to what everybody called 'birth selection'—encouragement of larger families by 'the people who should have them.'"

All of which brings a large question mark before the eyes of Patrick F. Scanlan, editor of *The Tablet*, a Brooklyn Roman Catholic weekly. In a letter to *The Herald Tribune* he asks:

"Who is to decide who is to have the children?

"Will it be the rich, who have brought the country to its present pass, or will it be some government agency which has made such a mess of things economically?

"And if I get out of employment, even tho temporarily, are the propagandists of the new movement—perhaps many of whom have the means but not the children—to inform me I must have no more offspring?

"Or if my salary is cut, am I *ipso facto* to suffer a cut in the number of children the reformers will allow me?

"Why are the poor poor?

"In nearly every case because they have been denied social justice. Refused a living wage and decent conditions, they are now to be told they can no longer enjoy a normal, natural, moral existence. Their exploiters are not satisfied with reducing them to starvation; they want to be sure to keep them there."

Isn't it time to preach social justice instead of "all this other nonsense which seems to be part and parcel of a general movement not only to rob the country of its future citizens, but to destroy individual and natural rights?" asks Mr. Scanlan further:

"And if all good citizens, including the rich and childless, and the professional reformers who sit in judgment on their fellow human beings, would unite upon a program for social justice both the country and its citizens would be far better off."

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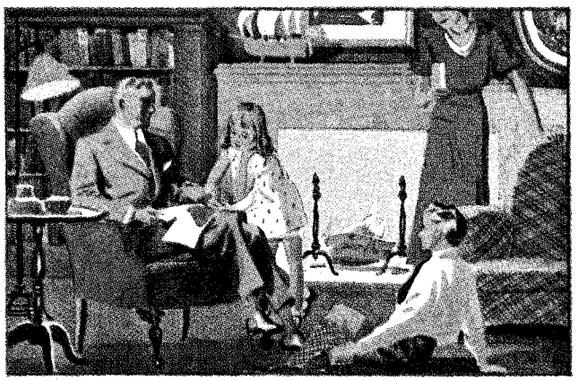
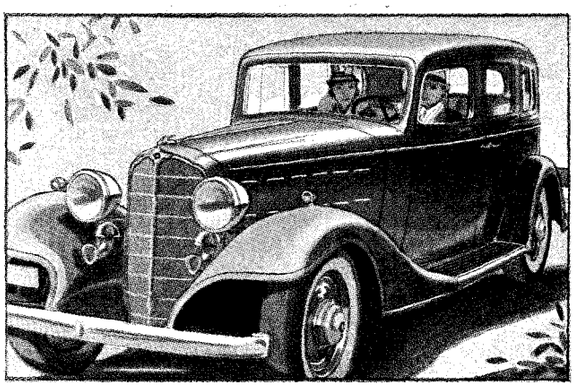
Three American Institutions

THE HOME

THE FAMILY



..and BUICK



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Buick could not serve so many families so long and intimately without becoming to them something more than a commercial product—and without looking upon them, in turn, as something more than mere customers.

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Of course, your next car is going to have Fisher No Draft Ventilation. That's practically taken for granted. You don't want to be bothered by drafts, clouded windshield, or smoky air in your car. And when a new invention comes out that *does away completely* with all these annoyances, quite naturally you're going to insist upon having it. But there's one important point to remember about Fisher No Draft Ventilation: You get it in a Chevrolet, but you cannot get it, or anything like it, in other cars of lowest price. What's more, you can't buy this ventilating system as a separate accessory, either. It's a basic, integral part of Fisher Body construction—an exclusive, patented Fisher development. The only way you can enjoy its priceless advantages of comfort—safety—and health *at lowest cost*—is to buy a Chevrolet Six. And when you do buy a Chevrolet, look at all the other things its low price gives you! Dynamic aer-stream styling. Big, spacious, smartly-tailored car-interiors. And all the other high points of value listed on the next page!* Yes—it's a lot of car for the money.... Unquestionably *more* for the money than any other builder of low-priced automobiles gives you today. But when you think it over, isn't that only natural? Chevrolet is the leader—world's largest manufacturer of automobiles for four out of the past six years. And *the leader can accomplish what others dare not try.*

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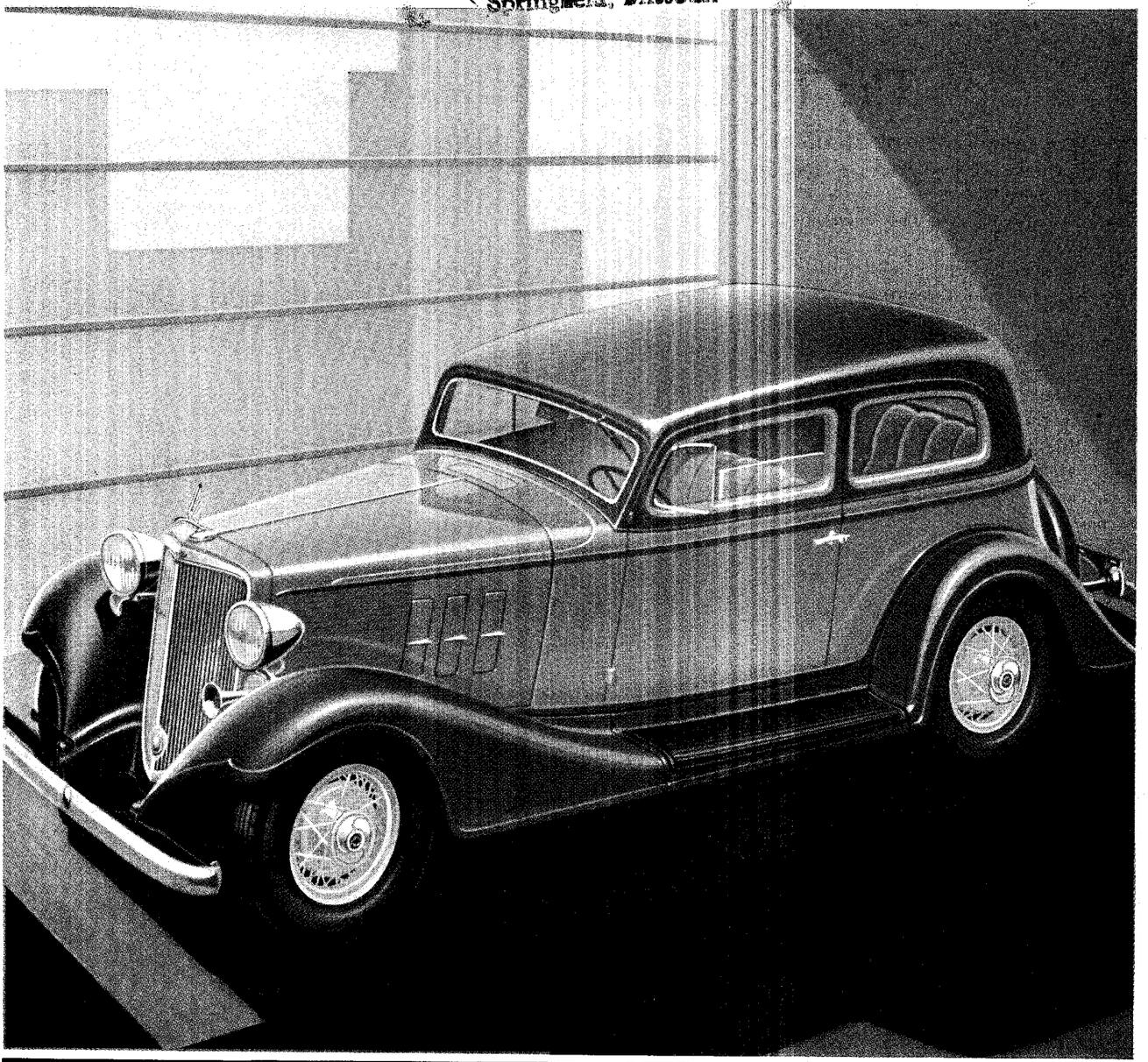

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The Too New-Fashioned Doctor

HE COMES OUT OF MEDICAL SCHOOL familiar with the final stages of fatal diseases, observed in hospitals.

He has never followed the course of an ailment from start to finish.

He can scarcely write a prescription, and finds it easier to give ready-made mixtures that come in bottles.

These charges, and others like them, are made by Dr. Oliver T. Osborne, professor emeritus in the Yale School of Medicine, writing in *The Medical Mentor* (New York).

The title of his article is "The Patient Pays." He is the one who pays for all these lacks, according to Professor Osborne. We read:

"A patient cares little what you call his disease; he is interested only in what the physician is going to do to cure him, or, at least, to make him comfortable.

"This highest object of medicine, the object for which medical men are created, is now forgotten by the first-class medical schools. The patient pays the price of such neglect. Were it not for the great advances in the science of public health, which teaches how to prevent disease, and especially epidemics, the criticism of medical education to-day would be far more severe than it is.

"The number of persons who are ailing is increasing. This is due to the speed of our era. Men and women do not rest. Even children suffer from this speedy and restless age; too little sleep, too many side issues in school, too much competition, regulated exercises and games, noises, bright lights, dust, radios, etc., not only make children restless, but impair their health.

"Children have many infections, in spite of preventive measures, and are ailing in spite of 'sun-baths,' cod-liver oil, raw spinach, raw carrots, tomato juice, etc. Adults read the health journals, do their 'dailies,' count their calories, take vitamins, and go on diets, also to no avail.

"The medical schools of to-day are producing 'doctors,' but are they producing physicians? The recent M.D.s do not know how to evaluate the symptoms of incipient disease or to cure the symptoms of functional troubles.

"Students see in the hospitals only the terminal stages of chronic diseases, a few of the acute diseases, some unusual diseases, and the disturbances that may occur in post-operative cases. In the dispensaries they see an ever-moving picture of ailments of all types, but rarely ascertain the termination of even the really ill cases."

The Patient Pays for It

The new-fashioned doctor is ignorant of many things the old-time doctor knew, and the cost of the difference comes out of the patient's pocket, says Dr. Oliver T. Osborne.

IT will surprize many to learn that frequently medical students are not taught the symptoms and signs of incipient disease and the treatment of ordinary ailments, but Dr. Osborne assures us that such is the case. In fact, full-time instructors can not give such information unless they have the experience of private practise themselves. Dr. Osborne proceeds:

"Few chairs of therapeutics are still extant. The treatment of disease is supposed to be taught at the bedside. Generally, such instruction is given very meager consideration by the instructor.

"The medical graduate knows how to give transfusions, antitoxins, vaccines, and subcutaneous injections of arsenic and iron; he knows how to give cathartics, morphin hypodermics in large doses. He knows about the administration of several hypnotics, how to manage shocked conditions and, perhaps, many of the emergencies; how to treat syphilis, typhoid fever, pneumonia, some of the contagious diseases, diabetes, Bright's disease, ulcer of the stomach, and many of the terminal conditions of the serious diseases.

"Some graduates do not know how to write an ordinary simple prescription. They order ready-prepared mixtures which have the doses stated on the bottles.

"Without a course in materia medica, without a course in applied therapeutics, without a course in prescription-writing, and without any knowledge of the pharmacopœia, the young doctor begins private practise with handicaps to which older physicians were not subjected.

"The recent graduate in medicine does not know how to increase an appetite. He knows very little of the milder laxatives. He knows little about modifying the diet to suit the idiosyncrasies of the private patient. He may know how to use some of the physical therapeutic measures, but he rarely knows the harm that many of these measures may cause, even the harm of too much 'sun-bathing.'"

TO meet these therapeutic defects in our young medical men, says Dr. Osborne, the pharmaceutical firms are alert. They offer all kinds of combinations of drugs, as well as many new drugs, together with descriptive literature. He goes on:

'Some of these preparations are very elegant, but the careful, thinking physician should not order expensive preparations for such patients as he knows are not able to stand the expense. Some simple food prepared at home, or such medication as is offered by the preparations in the pharmacopœia will frequently act as well in the treatment of disease.

"Many of the prescriptions that reach a drug store for compounding are from thoughtless physicians who write for four or five ingredients, each one representing some patented pharmaceutical preparation, when equally efficient preparations could be found in the pharmacopœia. Druggists must stock all of these mixtures in order to be ready to fill the orders of physicians. These preparations are always high-priced.

"These are defects in the therapeutic education of medical students for which the patients pay."

Cutting Marrow to Make Short Leg Grow Faster

DRILLING holes in children's legs which are too short because of infantile paralysis hastens their growth.

Through the holes the central core of blood-vessels and bone marrow is cut in two—a new surgical procedure described to the American Medical Association by Dr. Albert B. Ferguson of the New York Orthopedic Hospital. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Long bones, such as those of the human leg, have two different blood supplies, one through the bone marrow and the other through the living membrane that covers the outside of the bone. Dr. Ferguson had noticed that in accidental fractures or other cases in which the blood supply through the marrow was interrupted, the bone frequently lengthened faster than it would have done otherwise.

"Working on this clue, sixteen children with one leg shorter than the other have been treated by an operation in which two holes are drilled into each of the leg bones about one-third of the way from each end, a knifelike tool is inserted through this hole and the blood-vessels of the marrow are cut through and interrupted. The holes in the bones do no harm, and the blood supply through the membrane outside the bone is not disturbed.

"Dr. Ferguson reports that every bone so treated has been growing faster than the corresponding bone of the other leg by about an eighth of an inch a year, which indicates that the operation may provide a general way of giving such short-legged children two legs of nearly the same length."

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A Pair of Electric Mushrooms

THEY ARE SPRINGING up from the soil at Round Hill, Massachusetts, and they are the great grandchildren of the old-fashioned "electrical machine" that used to amaze us at school.

Only the great spheres that top them weigh a ton and a half apiece, and they will sprout genuine lightning.

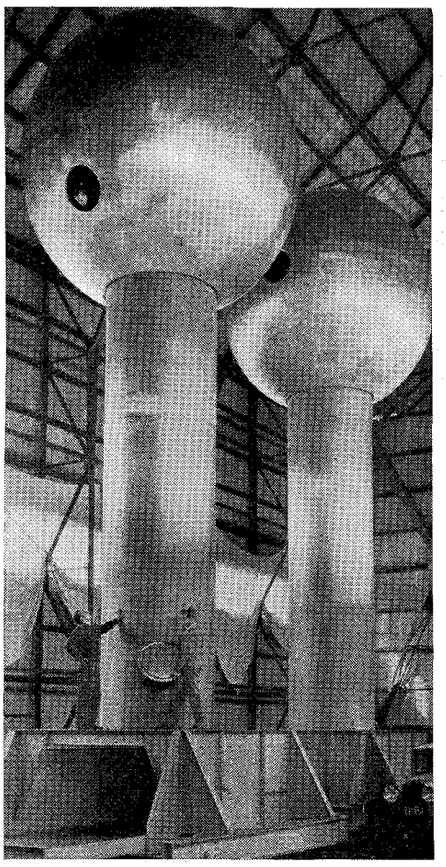
Says John I. Rowlands, director of the news service of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a press bulletin (Cambridge, Mass.):

"The giant electrostatic generator was designed by Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is now being assembled in the airship dock at the Institute's research station on the estate of Col. E. H. R. Green at Round Hill, Massachusetts. This unique generator, scheduled for preliminary tests late in the spring, is designed to produce a steady flow of direct current at a potential of approximately ten million volts. Special electrical discharge tubes are being designed for this great machine, which is expected to open new fields of research, including studies of atomic energy and X-rays.

"The huge spherical aluminum electrodes are 15 feet in diameter and weigh a ton and a half each. They are supported on hollow textolite columns 6 feet in diameter and 25 feet high, which are mounted on trucks to permit adjustment of the space between the units. The figures of the men and the automobile compared with the generator strikingly indicate its colossal size. The circular opening in the sphere on the right is the port for connecting electrical discharge tubes between the great terminals. In the sphere on the left a research worker is looking from the manhole entrance to the globe, the interior of which will be a compact laboratory. This circular cell will be the safest place for the research scientists while the generator is in operation.

"The production of power by this revolutionary type of generator is accomplished by means of endless silk belts operating inside the hollow columns from the base to a point within the spheres. These belts carry electrical charges sprayed on them at the base. The charge accumulates on the surface of the spheres, being negative on one and positive on the other, until each reaching a specific potential, it discharges between the terminals like a flash of lightning.

"A new model of this generator capable of producing electrical energy of 1,000,000 volts was exhibited at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Atlantic City recently."



"Sprout Genuine Lightning"
The Massachusetts Mushrooms.

Night Flying Gaining Favor

IF they can not derive a great deal of satisfaction from balance sheets these days, airline operators can find other evidences of progress.

Outstanding among these is the growing volume of night flying.

The fact that more passengers are flying at night not only means increased income but it reflects a growing public acceptance of airplane safety.

Operators can recall a time when the hazard of getting off the ground at all was one of deep concern to prospective patrons, much less adding to it the apparent further complication of darkness. Says Frank J. Carmody in a release from the Ullman Feature Service (Washington):

"Back in that period operators of various types of passenger service made much point of the fact that night flying was superior in many respects to daylight air travel. True, some of the scenic advantages were sacrificed, but these were compensated by the increased smoothness of the air. It was recognized, however, that the argument carried too little conviction with the average man to give much hope for passenger-carrying after dark.

"Gradually, however, there came a change. Veteran daytime passengers in quest of something more novel in the way of aerial experience joined the mail pilots on their seemingly romantic hegiras through the blackness of the night. They found it fascinating, smooth, and safe.

"They discovered that following a night-lighted airway seemed to be a more simple, cut-and-dried process than navigation during the hours of daylight. Night flying was found, too, to have the further virtue of compounding the airplane's speed advantage; a few-hour hop saving an overnight journey by other methods—or a single night's trip saving the next business day intact.

"The result has been a steady growth in the number of passengers carried on night planes.

"A recent bit of evidence indicating that the passenger is entirely justified in his conviction of night flying's safety and utility is provided by one of the largest operators of such a service. For the fifth consecutive month he has completed his night-flying schedule 100 per cent."

Antidote for Two Deadly Poisons

SEVERAL thousand persons are killed each year by carbon-monoxid gas and by cyanids.

If half this number can be saved by the newly discovered antidote, methylene blue, Mrs. Matilda M. Brooks and Dr. J. C. Geiger of San Francisco will have made an epochal contribution to medicine and the welfare of mankind. Says *Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington):

"Mrs. Brooks, working in the department of zoology, University of California, hit upon the idea of using the common bacteriological stain as an antidote for these two poisons, and Dr. Geiger, Director of Public Health, promptly put the idea into use and two lives have already been saved.

"Mrs. Brooks, who also holds a doctor's degree, was doing research in biology, working in pure science when she made the methylene blue discovery.

"She knew that earlier investigators, chief among them Prof. Otto Warburg of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Biology, Berlin, found in connection with work on yeast cells and other organisms that methylene blue counteracts the effect of cyanid and of carbon monoxid on living tissues. Dr. Brooks took the next step and tried the effect of methylene blue on animals that had been poisoned with carbon monoxid or with cyanid.

"She found it a successful antidote with small mammals, such as mice and guinea-pigs, and in a report of her work to the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine in April, 1932, she suggested the use of methylene blue in human cases of cyanid or carbon-monoxid poisoning.

"When Dr. Geiger called on Drs. P. J. Hanzlik and C. D. Leake, professors of pharmacology at Stanford University and the University of California, respectively, for modern methods of treating poison cases, they suggested to him, among other methods, the methylene blue method for cyanid and carbon monoxid.

"As a result of its successful use, methylene blue may become part of professional first-aid kits, such as those carried by fire and police rescue squads. The method used at the Park Emergency Hospital, San Francisco, consists of injecting into the patient's vein a one per cent. sterile aqueous solution of methylene blue, which is listed in the U. S. Pharmacopœia as methylthionin chlorid.

"In the first cyanid-poisoning case reported, 50 cubic centimeters, or nearly two ounces, were used. The patient stated that he had taken 15 grains of potassium cyanid in about 4 ounces of water."

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Mixed-Handedness

LEFT-HANDEDNESS IS NO MORE BOTHERSOME than right-handedness.

But if a child is "mixed-handed"—partly one and partly the other—then there is trouble.

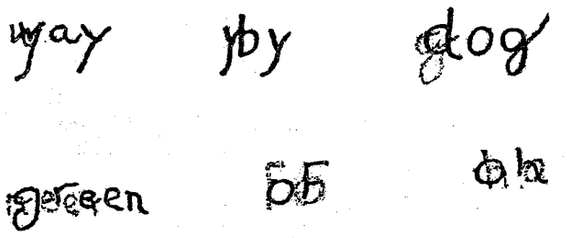
Dr. Samuel Orton, a New York expert, has made a study of this condition, and says it is commoner than we have realized.

He estimates that there are 30,000 mixed-handed children in New York State alone. Their trouble is misunderstood at school, and they are handicapped. Neither they nor their parents and teachers know why.

Writes Robert D. Potter in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Awkwardness frequently accompanying left-handedness has given rise to terms like the French *gaucherie* [from *gauche*, left]; and, unfortunately, to an almost complete interchangeability of the words.

"Thus, inability to learn to draw or to write is frequently



Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

How It Mixes the Spelling

Sample of writing shows how child thinks in terms of reversed words. Child began to write "dog" as "god," and "green" as "neerg." "oF" was first written as "Fo" and then corrected.

passed off with the statement, 'Oh, he's just naturally left-handed.' And this in spite of the well-known fact that many left-handed people are just as proficient in the manual arts as their right-handed fellows.

"Awkwardness is not so much the result of left-handedness as of 'mixed-handedness.' Seemingly, all is well if either hand, the right or the left, is preferred by the brain for skilled acts. It is only when neither side of the brain takes full command that extreme awkwardness results.

"The study of 'mixed-handedness' is part of a program of research undertaken at the Neurological Institute of New York to explain a variety of common nervous disabilities. Included is a study of reading, spelling, or writing disability among school children and a study of congenital word deafness, which makes a child seem to be either deaf or mentally backward despite the fact that the latent intelligence may be normal.

"Reading disability and word deafness and their relation to 'handedness' have been the special study of Dr. Samuel T. Orton, Professor of Neurology and Neuropathology at Columbia University. This reading disability, declares Dr. Orton, is more prevalent than is commonly thought. He estimates that at least 2 per cent. of the enrolled school children suffer to the extent that they are retarded a year in their school work. In New York State alone, 30,000 children are probably so affected.

"Reading disability becomes a real obstacle in the third grade; for the first time learning by reading rather than by oral instruction is increasingly necessary. Up to that time the child may keep step with the rest by listening to their recitations. The child can not grasp the meaning of written or printed words. The lack of dominance of either side of the brain is thought to prevent him from forming the necessary memory patterns which can be used later to recall the meaning of words.

"Often if the child is told to write dog he writes god. More frequently still is confusion between letters that are the mirror images of one another. Thus d is confused with b, and p with q."

It is only when the boy is tested in reading, writing and spelling, declares Dr. Orton, that conditions appear which are completely out of harmony with his age, intelligence, alertness and skill in other fields. He can hardly pass the standard reading test for the first grade.

His writing is as backward as his reading. And yet the boy can draw well and can copy every letter in the alphabet with accuracy and neatness. His stock of words for writing is so small as to rank his writing ability with that of a first-grade child. Mr. Potter goes on:

"With careful retraining a child of this type can overcome some of this symbol twisting. As he grows older the reversals may be less frequent. If the child grows older without correction, the emotional stress of past failures grows and produces complications. The child may develop dislike for school or a feeling of inferiority and inability to do school tasks.

"Reading disability, says Dr. Orton, is believed to arise because the mind of the child does not consistently recall the word picture in one direction. Sometimes he gets the right-hand mental picture and sometimes the left-hand."

Wasting by Trying to Save

THE RIGID RESTRICTIONS that have been built up in business organizations against the spending of money are resulting in many instances in actual waste.

To keep from buying something new, management in many cases doggedly persists in limping along, paying operating costs that are out of all reason for the present volume of production.

Says *The Electrical World* (New York) in a leading editorial:

"The situation presents an opportunity and a responsibility that should not longer be neglected by those engineers whose function it is to guide and develop the use of electric power by industry.

"In one large wood-working plant, by way of illustration, the entire suction system of the whole factory is being operated today to handle the small amount of sawdust thrown off by about 5 per cent. of the normal volume of production. A very much smaller motor would do the work, if the suction was localized to the present need by cutting out all idle departments, but the company won't buy the new motor, to save more dollars on the power bill. And the same thing is going on in countless other factories, where the whole system of power service, electrical and mechanical, needs to be reorganized to provide economy on the existing volume of business.

"The correction of these situations is a very real part of the industrial rehabilitation program that is being promoted throughout the country right now. It offers very large possibilities to the power company that is willing to take the initiative in going into these factories to show them how to reduce power costs by stopping the wastes of unused energy. For the result will not all be in philanthropic public service. In many cases, at the same time, additional applications of electric power are being introduced because they too offer economies on present operations that should be taken advantage of. Action on them is induced by the critical examination of other departments in search of further savings.

"It is about time that management mastered its fear of doing anything and started in upon the recovery process. The first step is to reorganize operations to make money on present business. Then the growing plans can follow logically with profit. The power industry can make a fine contribution toward business recovery by doing this job now."

Why Unhappiness Makes People Sick

A POSSIBLE physical explanation for the fact that many people are made ill by being unhappy, rather than unhappy because they are ill, was suggested in a recent address in London by Dr. Langdon Brown, professor of medicine at Cambridge University. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Like the majority of present-day physicians, Dr. Brown admits that he grew up in the purely materialistic school of medical theory which insists that every disease must have a physical cause. Experience has convinced him that this is not true. Purely mental distress may make a patient just as truly ill as a broken bone or a germ infection. Many people who have such mental illnesses are unwilling to admit this fact and manufacture for themselves symptoms which really are figments of the imagination but which spring from a desire to find a tangible reason for being sick."

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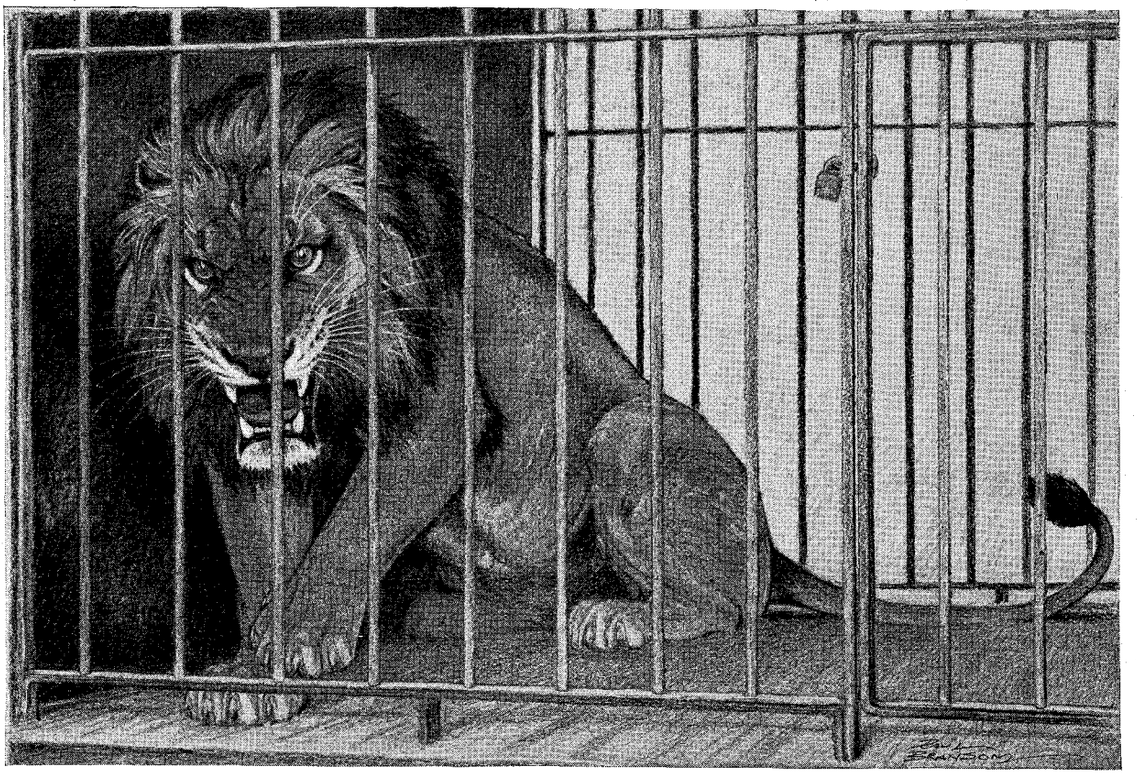
DIABETES—the Lion Caged



DIABETES, under control, might be likened to a safely caged lion. Out of control, it strikes with a lion's speed and crushing power.

The discovery of insulin and its application to the treatment of diabetes is one of the great triumphs of medical science. It has saved many thousands of lives.

Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live the normal, healthy lives of their playfellows. It has lifted chronic diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to carry on industrious, useful careers.

Before this great discovery, a victim of diabetes was forced to adhere strictly to a wearing and often spirit-breaking diet —if he would live. Suffering from a constant and almost unbearable craving for rich food and sweets, he struggled to obey his doctor's orders—"No starches, no sugars." The dining room was a dreary place for a diabetic.

What a contrast between the old, half-starved, hopeless days and the present time when the majority of diabetics are allowed many of the things they like to eat. A goodly percentage of them will live out the expected span of life for their ages.

Diabetes is by far most frequent among overweight persons. It may be largely prevented by correct diet and proper exercise. New cases of diabetes appear with almost mathematical regularity—tens of thousands each year in this country. But a person who showed no trace of the disease last year and now finds unmistakable symptoms has little cause for anxiety. In all probability his case can be fully controlled by proper diet, exercise and the use of insulin.

Still a grave danger remains. Insulin has such a tonic effect on a diabetic that he sometimes makes the mistake of regarding himself as cured. He must be reminded that if he lets his lion, Diabetes, get out of control he runs a risk which may be fatal. As long as he keeps his lion caged he is safe.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
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A COLD COMING ON?

PURGE THROAT QUICKLY WITH

LAVORIS

Get Rid of Those Embedded Germs

KILLING *loose surface* germs won't stop a cold—rarely retards its progress. For it is the *embedded* germs "glued" against the tissues of the mouth and throat beneath sticky mucous film that *really* do the harm.

The distinctively characteristic thing about Lavoris is that it reaches beyond the loose surface germs—it has unique mouth and throat purging action—it coagulates, breaks up and flushes out the clinging *mucus* that holds embedded germs in tissue pockets. That's why so many physicians today urge Lavoris as the first step in treating colds.

The next time you feel a cold commencing, do this without delay:—Gargle with hot water and Lavoris (half and half)—then repeat in half an hour.

Note how quickly throat-soreness begins to subside—how swiftly cold is checked. Then you'll see exactly why this new purging type of treatment is so widely advocated today.

Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or use the coupon for generous trial bottle.

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ACCEPT A TRIAL BOTTLE

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Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Death Among the Heavyweights

THE gigantic Primo Carnera "thrust his ponderous left arm out in the deliberate fashion of a man pushing his way through a revolving door."

Ernie Schaaf, of Boston, who was fighting him in Madison Square Garden for a moderate purse plus the glory of being one important step nearer to a fight for the championship, literally "took it on the chin."

He "sank to his haunches," relates Jimmie Powers in the New York *Daily News*, "apparently in full possession of his senses. His eyes wandered casually about the ring, focusing first on the timekeeper, then on the white-jerseyed seconds in his corner."

At "nine" he "started to rise, but went into reverse and sank slowly until his cheek lay flush against the grimy canvas."

Counted out, he was carried to his corner.

He was not to recover consciousness for seventy minutes. He was to die within three days.

But the crowd shrieked "Fake!"

Life and death were playing an ironic game in Madison Square Garden. The clamorous fight fans, always abnormally suspicious when they are not as gullible as geese, booed and yelled that they had been robbed, that the fight was "in the bag." But the blond Boston boy was limp and deathly still.

His handlers, including Champion Jack Sharkey, tried in vain to restore him to consciousness, and meanwhile "there were more boos from the gallery," Mr. Powers continues, "and one red-faced fan snatched at Jack Sharkey's shoulder and shrieked above the bedlam:

"Why don't you take him to a hospital to make the act look good?" We read on:

Sharkey savagely pushed the intruder aside and then hollered at Manager Buckley: "Hey! Maybe we b'tter take him to a hospital." And off the procession went to Polyclinic, with Schaaf limp and apparently unaware either of the time of night or his destination.

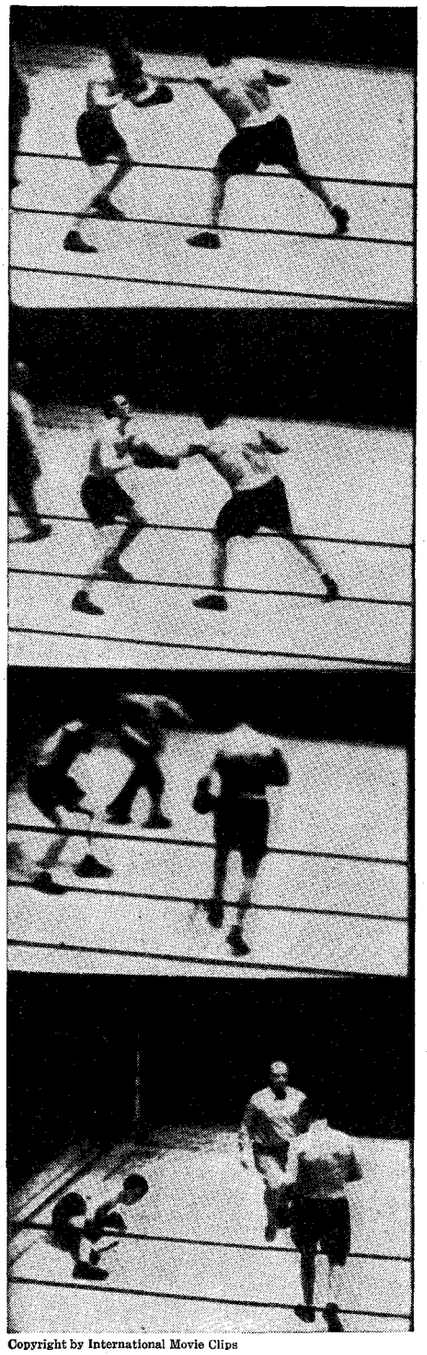
THE sequel may be summarized in the announcement sent out by the United Press on the morning of the fourth day after the night of the fight. Thus:

Ernie Schaaf, a sturdy, high-ranking heavyweight from Boston, died to-day as a result of injuries suffered last Friday in one of the dullest yet most sensational prize-fights in recent fistic history.

The clever and hard-hitting Schaaf was knocked out, and suffered an intracranial hemorrhage at the hands of the towering, awkward Primo Carnera, giant boxer from Italy, who was taken to the District Attorney's office late this morning for questioning about the fight.

His managers also were questioned. There had been much speculation among boxing experts on the fight, which many fans claimed was "fixt," but which boxing officials of New York State defended vigorously.

All persons connected with the staging of the Primo Carnera-Ernie Schaaf prize-fight were directed to appear at the District



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The Fatal Blow and What Followed

Attorney's office to-day, P. Francis Marro, Assistant District Attorney, told the United Press.

They will be questioned about the fight in which Schaaf received injuries resulting in his death.

"We must show there was intent to kill before we can seek an indictment," Marro said.

Through the morning, waiting for his expected arrest, Primo Carnera sat in his

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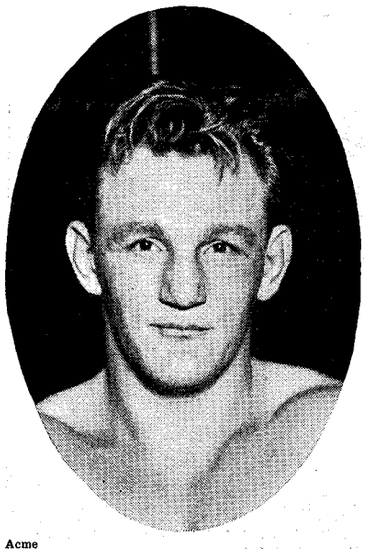
room at the Hotel Victoria, "his mountainous form slumped in a chair, the picture of complete dejection," relates Jack Cuddy, of the United Press staff, continuing:

This, he explained, was the first tragedy of his career—a career that has carried him from circus life as a "strong man," through vicious wrestling, and into fighting.

"I was over in New Jersey last night with some friends," he said. "Some one telephoned about Ernie's death. I rushed back as fast as I could. I had hoped so much he would live. He was a good young man."

Under the questioning of reporters, Carnera said that it must have been the constant punching, "those left jabs" that injured Schaaf so seriously.

"I remember that last blow," he said.



Acme

One More Victim of the Prize-Ring

"It was started as a left jab, and I turned it into a sort of hook. I didn't think I hurt him. I didn't notice any pained expression on his face. Perhaps that was because I was so anxious to win that I couldn't notice."

"You know," he continued reflectively, "I hit Ted Sandwina with that punch six times and knocked him down six times, in Tampa, with that same blow, and it didn't hurt him."

"Will you fight again?" he was asked.

"I shall have—" he started to say when one of his advisers interrupted to remark, "This is no time to say anything about that."

"But you know I have got to fight Jack Sharkey four months from now," Carnera continued.

"I have never had a thing like this before. Never has any one died like this after being in the ring with me. And I am twenty-six years old."

"There will probably be a big gate for your fight with Sharkey," a hanger-on suggested.

Carnera waved his big hands in the air.

"Please," he said. "Please don't talk about money at a time like this. This is no question of money. This is the question of the death of a fellow fighter."

"My mother," he added a moment later, "my mother has called me up to-day from the little town of Sequale, near Venice. My mother Giovanna. She called me to tell me I must do my best to console Mrs. Schaaf, Ernie's mother, because she knows

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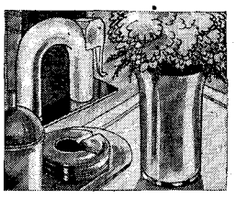
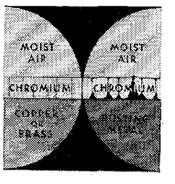
LACQUER, too, will give satisfaction only when it is applied over a solid copper or brass base.



THAT handsome nickel plate will stay handsome—only if there is solid copper or brass underneath.

Do you know what that popular and lovely chromium plate is? It's a protecting "wrapper" that will give wonderful service—so long as the metal underneath it stands up! But if it covers a metal that rusts? The rust may sooner or later come through and force off whole areas of that shining chromium. Then . . . ! But if there's solid copper or brass underneath? *Then, there's nothing to rust through.* Copper or brass *can't* rust. That's why chromium ware should be plated over a solid copper or brass body.

What the microscope finds about different ways of chromium plating: Moisture seeps through the tiny pores in any plating. But there's no rusting through of the solid copper or brass sample. Nothing to rust through! . . . But look at the rustable metal! Rust blisters have formed underneath. Rust begins to push off the plating.



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how she feels. She told me I must send flowers, but of course I had sent them already. But she was thinking about this thing."

"Then, too," he continued, "I could not do more than tell Mrs. Schaaf how I felt. So I sent her a telegram."

WHILE Governor Lehman ordered the Boxing Commission to make a thorough investigation of Schaaf's death, and while legislators started a separate inquiry, and some talked of the repeal of the present boxing law, a new slant was suggested by Medical Examiner Charles A. Norris. After making an autopsy he said that Schaaf's death was due to natural causes, and that "the nature of the substance pressing on Schaaf's brain would have to be determined by microscopic examination."

The doctors who treated Schaaf in the Polyclinic Hospital, where he underwent a cranial operation as a last resort, did not share the Medical Examiner's opinion that death was due to natural causes.

Meanwhile the United Press reported another fatal knock-out in Chicago:

Henry Zuziak died to-day a few hours after he had been knocked to the canvas in a boxing match of the Golden Gloves Tournament here.

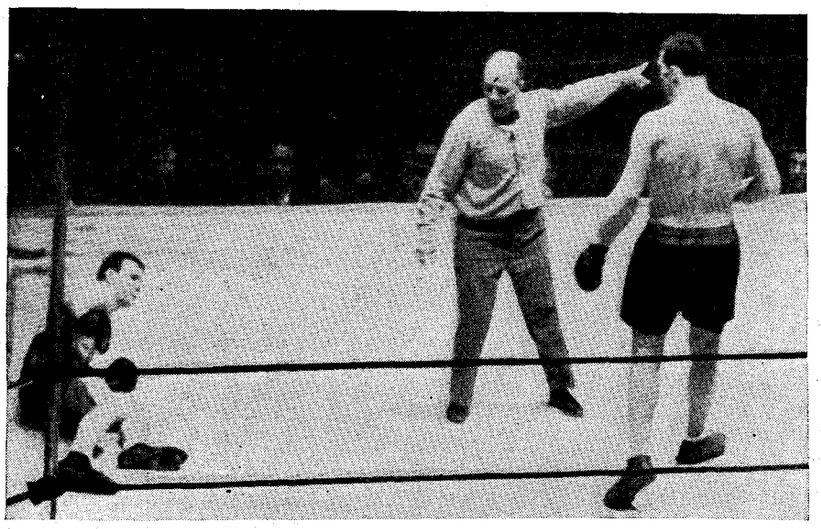
Zuziak lost by a technical knock-out to Al Berg after being knocked down twice in quick succession. Zuziak apparently recovered and went to his home, where he told his family of the fight, then suddenly collapsed and died.

In discussing the affair before its tragic end had come, W. O. McGeehan in his *Herald Tribune* column explained the psychology of the fight fans, and criticized the New York State Boxing Commission for allowing Sharkey to second Schaaf. We abbreviate:

There is all the circumstantial evidence in the world to indicate not only that Schaaf was knocked out, but that he was the most thoroughly knocked out fighter ever carried out of a ring, but some of the customers are still very skeptical. The circumstances preceding the fight are responsible for this. The ballyhoo for the fight was the announcement that the winner would meet Jack Sharkey for the heavyweight championship.

It was found that Jack Sharkey was manager and part owner of Schaaf. Obviously if Schaaf won, it would hardly be logical for him to fight his manager for the heavyweight championship. So the boys who bet on fights figured that it was up to Schaaf to lose. Many of them bet that way. It was Schaaf's business to lose, they thought, and he would lose as easily as possible.

Another development that pointed to something queer came to light the day before. When the match was made, the understanding was that the winner of the Carnera-Schaaf fight was to meet Jack Sharkey for the heavyweight championship. Then it leaked out that Sharkey had signed to meet Carnera. This was the day before the fight.



Acme

Waving Carnera to a Neutral Corner Before Making the Count

It would seem that the matchmakers had some strange clairvoyant powers, because Carnera certainly was the winner. There is no doubt about that now. A number of experts were writing in advance that Schaaf had an excellent chance. They were still writing to that effect on the eve of the bout.

Sharkey announced that he would not be in the Schaaf corner, but on the night of the fight Sharkey was there in the rôle of chief second. He coached his man between the rounds. He was like any other second.

It was a long-drawn-out and ponderous bout. Any bout with Carnera naturally would have to be that way. For the first part Schaaf was rushing things, and doing very well. But since he last appeared in this vicinity, Carnera seems to have learned something.

He used to shove his opponents with his left, rather than punch them. Friday night there seemed to be plenty of snap to the left. Always, throughout the fight, he was waving around through the air like a wild jib-boom on a ship. It landed on Schaaf's head all through the fight. Now, if your head is colliding with a wild jib-boom for any number of minutes, the accumulated shocks will tell in the long run.

In the thirteenth round Carnera landed a left jab to Schaaf's jaw. It is not often that men are knocked out by left jabs. Schaaf collapsed to the canvas and did not get up.

The referee felt that Schaaf was badly hurt. He did not watch for the count.

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Instead, he started to give the fallen boxer first aid. Sharkey rushed into the ring and helped to carry his protégé out. Schaaf did not recover in the dressing-room, and so he was rushed to the hospital. Reading on:

Of course, it was a weird bout for the Boxing Commission to have sanctioned. From the start the finger of suspicion, as the boys say, pointed to it. Then, when they signed Carnera as the winner the day before the fight, the finger pointed even more rigidly.

Of course, there will be investigations, but these hardly will develop more than is already known. Jack Sharkey was permitted to second a fighter who was supposed to fight him in the event that he won. In permitting that, the Boxing Commission was a party to hoodwinking the customers, if the customers can be hoodwinked any more.

According to Ed Frayne, sports editor of the New York *American*, "there had been no hint of the dramatic climax in the clumsy rounds that preceded the finish." And he proceeds to give the high-lights of the fight:

For one round, Schaaf had managed to outscore the towering Pisan, and then the contest resolved itself into a boxing exhibition, with Carnera doing all the exhibiting.

Round after round, Carnera stood off, thudding ponderous left jabs into the rushing blond face. Now and then Schaaf would bring a yell from the crowd with a left dig to Carnera's body, but the blows bounced off like horsehide off a bat. Carnera's stomach was muscled like a washboard.

Round after round, Schaaf rushed headlong into that blistering jab. At times, Carnera stabbed seven and eight times without a return. The monotony began to bore the folks in the top shelf, and they booed as the eighth and ninth rounds ended.

Carnera bled from the nose in the fourth, but Mannie Seaman and Billy Duffy know their business. They stopt the flow before he came out for the fifth, and Schaaf could not tap it again.

Schaaf made a great rally to win the tenth with a left-handed body attack, but he blew up from his exertions as the round ended.

The big red glove on Carnera's left hand resumed its pounding in the eleventh. Carnera took that round and the twelfth. The constant pounding wore away the steel chin of the Boston blond. The vertebræ can stand such a jolting only so long. It was the accumulative effect of the punching that preceded the thirteenth as much as the slingshot jab that numbed Schaaf's mind in the thirteenth. Nature took all she could stand.

The receipts were estimated at $45,000, which is probably the world's record for the Garden's new $3 ringside prices. Carnera weighed 267½ pounds to Schaaf's 207½ pounds.

Head for Business.—Little Annette was always very devout in saying a prayer on entering church. As she had been taught no special prayer for the occasion, and her repertoire was known to be limited, she was invited to tell her mother what she said.

"I always pray," replied Annette, frankly, "that there may not be a collection."—*Boston Transcript.*

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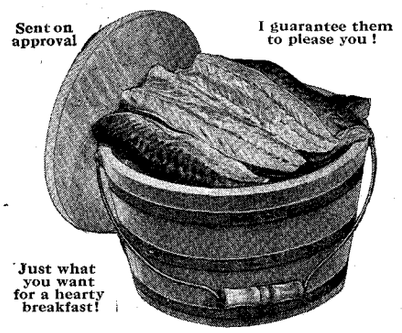

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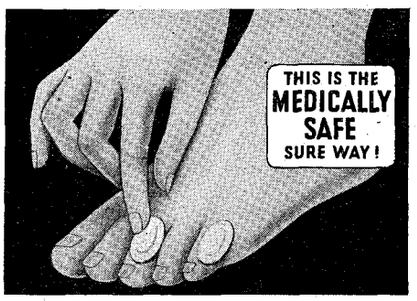
CORNS



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Four Don Quixotes Attack the Nation's Blues

WITH a ventriloquist's dummy under his arm, former State Senator James Macfarlane, of West Virginia, tipped his stovepipe hat and coughed.

The cough was a signal for his three fellow "depression-busters" to march with him across the sidewalk.

The "Four Mistaken Men," as they call themselves, stept lively from the entrance of the Alpha Delta Phi Club, New York, to the curb, where stood the automobile and trailer in which they planned to tour the country, killing hard times with laughter.

Their first objective was Washington, their first visit to President Hoover.

AFTER that their idea was to drift along the highways of the country, and "balance the mental budget of a populace shell-shocked with gloom," says *The Herald Tribune*, which goes on to describe their start from New York, thus:

Judging from the hilarity that accompanied their departure at 12:30 P. M. from in front of the Alpha Delta Phi Club, 134 West Forty-fourth Street, the "Four Mistaken Men" are due to leave a wake of laughter, if not lasting cheerfulness, along their route, which is to take them to Florida, back to New York, and then across the prairies.

While a German band recruited for the occasion played on the sidewalk, the four lined up beside their sign-plastered vehicle for a picture or two.

The four were:

Senator Macfarlane, ventriloquist, humorist, and impersonator, and in every-day life a coal operator, now residing at Towanda, Pennsylvania.

Maj. Charles Brinkerhoff, of the Alpha Delta Phi Club, who was a major during the Spanish-American War, and who now does very well on the melodeon and other musical instruments. He is known as "The Musical Duce," and wears a ten-gallon hat.

"Judge" Pierce L. Reynolds, "the original Technocrat and last man of the machine age." He used to be a justice of the peace at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, and is not a bad actor.

"Count" Joseph B. Dubreuil, "international statesman and orator." Mr. Dubreuil, who is a Yonkers real-estate broker, said he didn't have a title, but he thought "Count" sounded rather good.

The four will sleep in bunks in the trailer, and will drive along until they find a spot where the gloom appears deepest.

Acme

"The Four Mistaken Men"—Messrs. Brinkerhoff (left), Macfarlane, Reynolds and Dubreuil

There they will summon the deprest residents and stage performances calculated to brighten their hearts. They have a repertoire of eight short plays dealing with Technocracy, Senator Huey Long, and other topics of the day.

Mr. Macfarlane will bring out his two ventriloquist's dummys and cause words of cheer to fall from their lips onto the eager ears of depression victims. As the major put it, "we just can't stop the Senator from making speeches and telling funny stories." The major will let loose a tune or two, the count will make a speech, the four will join in a playlet, and then the search for more mentally harassed persons will be resumed.

THEIR trailer, "which bears the name *Mysteria*," was covered with signs such as "The World Cruise of the Mistaken Men," "Ambition Destroys Happiness," and "We Have Nothing to Sell or Advertise." In connection with the latter slogan, Mr. Macfarlane "became serious long enough to issue a statement."

We are non-professionals in the theatrical sense, but we all have some talent for entertainment. We have had a motor-caravan built, and in it we are going to tour the towns and villages of as many States as possible, trying to bring cheer and song and laughter to people who recently haven't had much to laugh at or be happy about.

We are selling nothing, nor advertising anything. If we can bring happiness to

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others in times like these, we figure that will be so much velvet, and that our trip will be justified. We feel we are attacking the depression from a new angle. We are going to try to balance the nation's mental budget with a happier spirit and greater sense of humor.

While we aren't crusaders we are going to try to plant seeds along the nation's highways that will sprout and yield in a far wider movement along our lines than we four men alone can hope to bring about. We may be Utopians. Perhaps we might even be called Pollyannas. We can do more good, we think, however, than by sitting back criticizing and offering impossible suggestions.

We are taking along seven musical instruments, a moving-picture projector, two ventriloquist's dummies, and other properties with which we hope to bring some amusement and happiness to others. Our entertainment, which will be free, will try to high-light the participation of our audience in all the singing and fun-making. It will try to fetch out the community spirit in the fullest sense of the term.

THEY explained that "if some one should pass the hat during any of their performances, any collected, money or otherwise, would be turned over to the unemployment-relief bureau of the town in which the performance took place." We read on:

One sign on the trailer was a large picture of a fountain-pen with the legend, "Write it, Huey, don't speak it." In addition, they took along a six-foot pen which they plan to present to Senator Long with the admonition to use it instead of talking.

After posing for pictures, the four stowed away their props and climbed into the automobile. A patrolman came along and pushed the crowd that had gathered back onto the sidewalk. The German band struck up a lively time, and the four anti-depression crusaders were on their way.

And President Hoover—did he think that the four Don Quixotes, or Sancho Panzas, would deliver a knock-out wallop to Big Boy Depression? There seems to be some uncertainty on that point, judging from a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, wherein we read:

The quartet touring the country to chase away the blues and the gloom, by music and jokes, brought their funny stunts and a score of jokes to the White House to-day.

Carrying a ventriloquist outfit and drest in top-hats, the "Depression Busters" had a session with the President. They said they told him a number of jokes, which the President was polite enough to say he had never heard before. As they emerged from the Executive Offices they did not appear quite as happy as they had when they entered. This, they said, was not because the President was not appreciative of their mission.

"Our mission is not going to be as easy as we think," one of them said. "We found in Philadelphia and other places it was not easy to get a man to laugh off his troubles. But we are going to hit the gloomiest places and hope to bring some cheer. We are going to try to plant some seeds of cheer along the nation's highway. Maybe we can overcome the gloom that our best economists are spreading."

Disappointment and gloom was the reward of the "gloom-chasers" at the Capitol. They brought with them a huge effigy of a fountain-pen, six feet long, for presentation

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The perfected art of embalming practised by the ancients enables us to have a comprehensive view of how they looked, what they wrote, and how they lived. Newly recovered papyri buried with bodies come to us now in an amazing state of preservation and reveal the intimate thoughts of the people.

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Never before and never since have we a record of such an age of riotous living and unreasonable squandering of money. Hundred thousand dollar feasts. Million dollar gifts. Annual political expense accounts of $100,000,000. The wealthy people of the day lived in a paradise of ease and amusement.

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At what Roman summer resort Christ preached in person?
Whether the penny-in-slot machine was invented B.C. or A.D.?
Why Julius Cæsar paid $750,000 for two pearls?
Where the largest theater in the world was for twenty centuries?
Why the first physicians had a trade union like the plumbers?
To whose private secretary much of the New Testament was dictated?
What Biblical city had better sanitation than many modern towns?
Why ancient churches were taxed more than the saloons were?
What Roman emperor had a 120-foot elevator in his home?
Why starving men and women were given tickets to the circus?

The answers to these questions are only a few of the surprises to be found in this fascinating volume.

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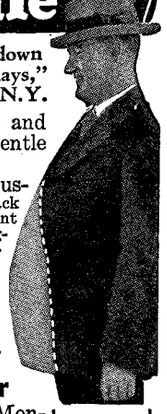

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to Senator Long. They found that the "Red Snapper of the Gulf" was not on the job filibustering, but at home defending his political record. So they left the pen in his office. Written in red letters on the pen were these words:

"Write it, Huey, don't speak it."

The dispensers of joy had the makings of a German band, while former Senator Macfarlane carried two ventriloquist's dummies. They can not be reproduced, the former West Virginia Solon said, because they were copyrighted.

As they left the White House grounds they stopt in front of the group of carpenters who swarm the stands now being built for the inaugural ceremonies. These carpenters have been trying unsuccessfully to get their fellows to strike for $11 a day. The workers are now receiving $8. The voices from the dummies did not bring cheer to the non-working carpenters.

Is it possible that the "Four Mistaken Men" are living up to their title?

A Lady Lame Duck's Farewell

Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan, an able Congressman, defeated and included among the "lame ducks" that will no longer return after defeat, celebrates her going, the New York *Evening Journal* relates, with suitable verses which she calls "her will."

Of all the retiring members, Mrs. Owen contributes to the break-up of the "lame-duck" session and system the only good-natured comment.

Mrs. Owen's "will" reads as follows:

To members in the coming session
We leave what's left of the depression
With fifty thousand tomes appended
Telling just how it can be ended.
To Congressmen who'll draw our salary
We leave all gunmen in the gallery,
All Communists who march and fight
And threaten us with dynamite.
Those stalwart ones may have the onus
Of laying hands upon the bonus.
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To shrink, contract it, or expand it.
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We leave to them Technocracy.
To them we're leaving the analysis
Of beer producing no paralysis.
To them we leave, with stifled sobs,
All persons who are seeking jobs.
Our pangs of exile 'twill assuage
To know we have no patronage.

Praise With a Kick

Dana, on the old *Sun*, read every line of type in his paper the next day, writes O. O. McIntyre in the New York *American*. A bright phrase, to him, was "a trout leaping to fly," and he hooked it with a pencil ring and then penned the author a note of praise. He knew nothing was so stimulating to writing men as flattery. This was the chief reason for *The Sun* being, at the time, the best-written paper in the world.

Glub Blub.—"Too bad about the disappearance of Professor Smith. He was a profound thinker."

"Yes, he was always thinking, no matter where he was. The last time I saw him he was in swimming, and he suddenly called out: 'I'm thinking! I'm thinking!'"

"You fool! Professor Smith spoke with a lisp."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

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"I'm certainly glad I learned about 'moist throat'!" writes Miss A. S., New York City.

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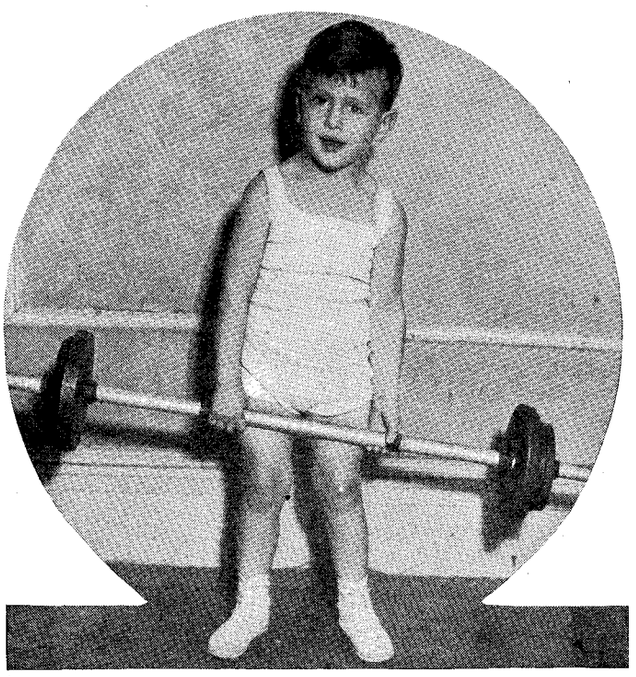
A Budding Bronx Samson

HE'S only three, but the strength of Charles Louis Fuchs is the talk of the Bronx.

No temple being handy for him to pull down, he wrecks a house instead, or comes very near it, with mama watching. *The Herald Tribune* heard about it, and Lincoln Barnett went up to see. He saw something, too.

Charles came into the room, seized a fifty-five-pound bar-bell and heaved. "His biceps flexed," writes Mr. Barnett; "his deltoids strained; his rhomboids were a bas-relief. The bar-bell left the ground."



Acme

And He's a Holy Terror, Too!

It's a brief believe-it-or-not story, so let Mr. Barnett finish it:

"You wouldn't believe he's only three years old, would you?" murmured Mrs. Fuchs, a gleam of maternal pride in her eye. "We call him Cyclone, because he wrecks the place whenever we turn him loose. Just a few days ago he picked up his sister Rosalyn—she's eight—and threw her into the china closet. She had to have some stitches taken. But Charlie's cute—he's funny, if you know what I mean—he's comical, Charlie is."

Charlie released the bar-bell suddenly. A shudder ran through the entire house.

"You see?" said Mrs. Fuchs approvingly.

The Cyclone's muscular prowess is well known to Bronx mothers who air their offspring in the arid by-ways of Crotona Park. To them he is something of a menace.

"It's this way," Mrs. Fuchs explained. "Charlie has a lot of heavy toys—trucks, engines, and things. Sometimes he offers them to other children—big ones or babies. If the other child doesn't take the toy, Charlie throws it at him. Whenever I hear Sylvia scream—she's only four months old—I know something like that has happened. Charlie, put that down."

Master Fuchs was waving one of his lighter bar-bells—one of about twenty pounds. At his mother's injunction he dropt it lightly to the floor and turned his attention to a piece of chocolate, a good part of which had attached itself to his face.

"Sometimes I wish his father hadn't made such a good job of training him," Mrs. Fuchs continued. "When Charlie was only six months old, he started giving him exercises—working his arms and legs, picking him up by his feet and all that. You see, Mr. Fuchs always wanted to be a professional wrestler. Things didn't turn out that way so, now, he's trying to develop Charlie into a great athlete."

Charlie's father, Otto Fuchs, is an electrician, with a shop at 726 East 165th Street, the Bronx.

The Cyclone, who has straight chestnut hair, hazel eyes, and an undiscriminating appetite—he eats paper, tin-foil, and cardboard—was born on October 29, 1929. On that same day the stock market fell to new lows, and a steamship sank in Lake Michigan.

"He's been strong ever since he was born," said Mrs. Fuchs. "He was a nine-pound baby. As soon as he could walk he started wrestling with his big sister. He could play on any football team. I'll never forget the first time he rushed across the room and tackled Rosalyn. A gold-fish bowl upset all over them. I guess we laughed for half an hour that time.

"And what he doesn't do to the house. He defaces the walls. He breaks the furniture. If we left him with a set of tools, we wouldn't be able to sit down when we came back. Every chair in the place would collapse under us. Once he dug a big hole in the wall with a coat-hanger. Just then the landlord walked in. Charlie does the funniest things.

"When he plays around the house he moves everything. He pushes the beds all the way from the bedroom into the living-room. And he lifts the sideboard—look how big that is—and the dining-room table. Charlie, show the gentleman."

Charles promptly seized one leg of the table and lifted. Several dishes crashed to the floor.

"How's that?" said Mrs. Fuchs, picking up the pieces. While his mother was preoccupied, Charlie turned to his baby sister, Sylvia, and began shaking her up and down.

"Charlie, I declare, if we didn't watch him every minute he'd kill her. Watch out."

"Allay," shouted Rosalyn.

"Oop," grunted Charlie, executing a nice cartwheel.

"He's going to be a good acrobat all right," said his mother. "He once put on an act with his father between wrestling matches up at the Teasdale A. C. on 174th Street. Do you want to see his build? Come here, Charlie."

Mrs. Fuchs yanked a zipper on Charlie's overalls. Charlie yanked it back up.

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They thought their latest models were just about the highest peak that would ever be reached in automobile design and manufacture, in speed, luxury, economy, and everything we value so highly to-day.

Manchuria wasn't Manchukuo, and the eyes of the world were not upon it except as one tough stage of an audacious contest of endurance, the like of which had never been seen before.

Wide World

All Agreed That the "Speedway Flier" Looked Like a Winner

HERE we'll turn the narrative over to the New York *Times*, which had a special interest in the adventure. Beginning at the beginning:

Just twenty-five years ago, six automobiles left Times Square to attempt a feat that made the world of 1908 gasp—a race from New York to Paris, westward.

The race was sponsored by the New York *Times* and *Le Matin* of Paris, and its winner was an American car, the E. R. Thomas *Speedway Flier*.

Under the original plan, the racers were to go from New York to Albany, thence to Buffalo and Chicago, across the Canadian Northwest, and down the Yukon River. This dream route continued over Bering Strait on the ice and thence across Asia and Europe. Protests from Alaska, however, proclaiming the impossibility of auto travel there, caused a change in the route.

It was then decided to ship the cars from Seattle to Valdez, Alaska, to run over the mountains to the Yukon, down on the ice of that river. From there the original plan was to be followed. Subsequent events also changed the second plan.

The streets of New York were jammed when Mayor McClellan fired the pistol for the start. Cars of four nations began the long trek, three French machines, the De Dion, the Moto Bloc, and the Sizaire-Naudin; one Italian, the Zust; one German, the Protos, and the Thomas.

The Thomas was piloted at first by Montague Roberts, later by George Shuster. George MacAdam, correspondent of *The Times*, joined the crew at Seattle and continued with them until their arrival at Paris, 170 days after leaving New York.

WINTER made itself felt at the start; a biting wind came out of the north, and snow began to fall. And then the trouble began:

Before Albany was reached, the Sizaire-Naudin broke down and dropt out of the race. After Buffalo the snow became a blizzard. During one day in Indiana the Thomas, which had taken the lead in the race, covered exactly nine miles.

After leaving Chicago the snow ceased, but in Iowa and Nebraska the racers ran into gumbo—hundreds of miles of glue-like mud that the cars sloughed through hub-deep. Here the Moto Bloc was forced to quit, leaving only four contestants, one for each nationality that had entered. Snow again blocked the passes of the Sierra Nevada range, and a detour was necessary that made the run from New York to San Francisco 5,200 miles.

The Thomas reached the Golden Gate city forty-two days after leaving New York.

The American car was shipped to Seattle, and thence on a fruitless voyage to Valdez.

One look at the snow-drifts of Alaska, and back again to Seattle.

The Thomas was credited with fifteen days in the race for its trip north. In the meanwhile the Protos had traveled from Pocatello, Idaho, to Seattle on a flat-car, and for this violation of the rules was penalized fifteen days. The three foreign

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cars then left for the Far East before the Thomas, whose crew was delayed several weeks by passport troubles.

At length, on April 21, they left for Kobe, Japan.

From Kobe to Tsuruga the Thomas had to traverse some 350 miles of the worst roads imaginable. They were narrow-gage trails built for rickshaw travel; hair-pin turns; village streets littered with merchandise; roads filled with ox-carts; curious crowds, and runaway horses.

Up into the mountains, by roads so steep, and turns so sharp, that Shuster shut off the motor and enlisted a string of natives on a tow-line. Going down the mountains, the natives hitched to the rear axles to hold the car back.

Two days aboard the steamship *Mongolia*, and the American car joined the French, Italian, and German in Vladivostok. Reading on:

A few busy days, repairing the cars; the announcement that the last French entrant had withdrawn; then, on the morning of May 22—"Paris or Bust!" The motor was started on its 8,280-mile grind.

"Out we went," wrote MacAdam, "into a rain-drenched country, over a road that was a streak of mud. Bridges rotten, many of them down, for the old post road had been untouched by the authorities since the building of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. To lighten the load and find the firmest parts of the road, three of us waded ahead through mud and water.

"We arose at 6 o'clock the next morning, with our clothes still wet with the rain of the night before. The storm still raged. Four times before noon we had to dig the machine out of quagmires. . . . At the end of fifteen miles, the rear wheels sank out of sight in the water, and the hubs became embedded in the mud beneath.

"We discovered we were in the middle of a swollen stream and thirty feet from either bank. There was nothing we could do but use the block and tackle to pull the car up on the bank again."

After this occurrence the Americans met a peasant who informed them that the road ahead was even worse. So the Thomas turned back, with the crew determined to try the road-bed of the single-track railroad.

"In the afternoon," wrote MacAdam, describing one incident of the trip, "we began the steep ascent of the mountain-side, and in a newly ballasted place the car slipt off the track and halted on the edge of a 200-foot embankment. Our hearts stopt beating as the auto careened over the abyss, and it was with shaking hands that we pushed and hauled it back to the road-bed.

"Two miles further on we heard a whistle ahead. There was no place to get off the track in sight, and we started on a wild run through a tunnel in the hope of getting away on the other side. We were able to back up at the very entrance of the tunnel in a space just wide enough to allow the train to pass. An instant later the St. Petersburg Express passed us."

At later stages the voyagers were delayed by stampeding cattle, mountain torrents, more mud, a broken drive-gear, and so on. The Protos reached Paris four days ahead, but the Thomas won because under the rules it had a thirty-day time allowance.

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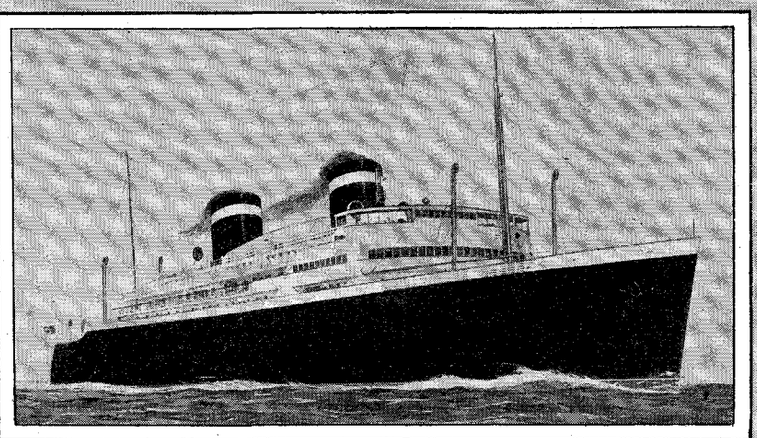

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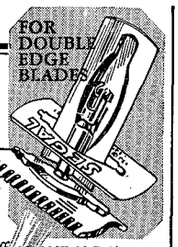

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Self-Discipline in the Power Industry

THE N. E. L. A. becomes the E. E. I. Which is neither an anagram nor a cross-word puzzle, but just an abbreviated description of the new leaf that the electric-power industry is now aturning.

Editors given to punning talk about the way the lighting business proceeds to turn the light on itself, after having been made conspicuous under the spotlight of official investigation. But speaking seriously, newspapers join with financial, political, and utility circles in welcoming the formation of the Edison Electric Institute to succeed the 47-year-old National Electric Light Association—which was formally dissolved last week—and they highly approve the new organization's code of ethics which is intended to purge the industry of some evils that have grown up in recent years.

It certainly is a step in the right direction, thinks the Manchester *Union*. It is just as certain to the New York *Times* that "this is a policy of enlightened self-interest." It shows, according to the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "a keen sense of the trend of public opinion. The New Haven *Journal-Courier* considers the new Institute a "striking symptom of capitalism's inner self-discipline," which is an answer to the critics who insist that capitalism is too inflexible.

Besides the new code of ethics the principal change is that the new Association includes no electrical manufacturing companies. But friendly relations between the two groups will continue, the New York papers report.

THE new utilities group is said to have in its initial membership about 85 per cent. of the power industry. The old N. E. L. A. officials are retained, including President George B. Cortelyou, of one-time Roosevelt Cabinet and contemporary Consolidated Gas fame. One of the leaders in the reorganization is Floyd L. Carlisle, of Consolidated Gas and Niagara Hudson Power, who has been conspicuous in recent months calling for "house-cleaning" in the electric-light and power industry.

The formation of the new body, according to a statement sent out by Mr. Carlisle's New York office, may be considered an answer to demands "that the industry divest itself of all semblance of propaganda activities, that it assume an attitude of frankness and ready cooperation in its dealings with the public and with regulatory bodies, that complete and frequent financial reports be made by all companies."

Applicants for membership must subscribe to the organization's code and members can be investigated, expelled, or otherwise disciplined if found "guilty of violation of proper or ethical business practises, or for failure to furnish information" as required.

The code calls for regular publication of statements audited by independent accountants, and it requires that all contracts as between companies shall be fair and reasonable.

THE purging process has already been begun by some of the leading companies represented in the new organization, and, according to a New York *Times* news item, it "has tended to eliminate 'up-stream' loans, and to provide holding company management and engineering services at cost to the operating companies. The new leaders, continues this article, "in effect are seeking to extend to their entire industry reforms they have privately urged for years.

Popular resentment at some practises in the utility industry has been increasing in recent years, the New York *Journal of Commerce* notes:

First, certain of the public relations and semipolitical activities in the National Electric Light Association have aroused criticism, altho there are well-informed individuals both within and without the electrical industry who sincerely believe that the association was within its rights in seeking to present its point of view to the public in aggressive fashion.

Far more influential as an influence on public sentiment was the collapse of the Insull and several smaller holding company combinations, involving terrific losses to thousands of investors, large and small, under circumstances which clearly reflected looseness of management.

In the third place, disclosures in certain individual cases of high-management charges by holding or operating companies and so-called "up-stream loans" made by operating companies to parent holding companies, have given strong support to the ever-present agitation for some measure of control over public-utility holding companies.

A step toward reform "is taken at a critical time," says the Newark *News*, which, indeed, wonders whether it has not been taken too late to arrest the trend toward greater Federal control of utilities.

IN contrast to the congratulatory tone of most newspaper comment, there are a few editorials that take a rather skeptical attitude. Appropriately in Missouri the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* still has to be shown:

This is a grandiose profession of repentance. To live up to it in good faith will involve a revolution in deportment.

This new electric-power morality will find its most important field in its relations with the regulating bodies. If it comes before the public-service commissions with clean hands, as it engages to do, it will, indeed, have acquired a rating of virtue.

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The Depression Doubles Postal-Savings

LAST year the growth in postal-savings deposits "broke all precedents, and should be interpreted in terms of the service the system has afforded the American public at a time when there was a definite need for that service."

So reports the Postmaster-General in telling us that postal-savings amounted to $784,820,623 at the end of the last fiscal year, as compared with $347,416,870 a year before.

Examining the recent official reports the Minneapolis *Tribune* notices that not only have deposits doubled, but so have depositors, the latter having been increased by over 770,000 to reach a total of 1,500,000. As the Minnesota paper further points out:

Every State in the Union has contributed to this growth, Illinois leading the list with a gain of $65,000,000.

Says the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

It is only under such abnormal conditions that a rapid growth in postal-savings accounts is likely to occur, because postal-savings depositors have to be content with considerably less than the going rate of interest on securely placed private deposits. In normal times most people prefer to take the risk of leaving their savings with institutions that deal with them more generously than the Government.

To Go Slower on Our National Debt

THERE may be a number of things that the new Administration will try to speed up.

But there is one direction in which the Roosevelt régime is likely to go slower. That is in paying off the national debt, says the New York *Journal of Commerce.* It anticipates "a change in the Government's public-debt policy through the extension of the time within which outstanding obligations will be retired":

A reduction in the annual amount required by statute for the sinking-fund, which this year amounts to about $400,000,000, would tend to bring this about. Congress might cut the requirement in half. This, in theory, would double the time within which the debt will be retired.

Since 1930 there has been no reduction in the debt, but rather a heavy increase, owing to the excess of new issues over requirements. Nevertheless, the sinking-fund requirements must be met.

The first agitation for reduction of the sinking-fund requirement was following large surplus accounts, which also went to debt retirement.

Furthermore, foreign governments had been given 62 years to pay their debts to the United States, while at the rate of retirement in the 1922–1929 period, the American debt would have been wiped out by the taxpayers in about twenty-five years.

Now that there is a practical certainty of a heavy writing down of the foreign debts, the clamor for reducing the burden of the American taxpayer, and extending retirement of the debt over at least fifty years, has been resumed.

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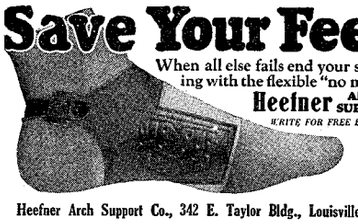

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CURRENT POETRY

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THE death of Calvin Coolidge brought forth a number of poems, some of which were submitted to this department. The following in *Pasque Petals* (Aberdeen, S. D.) does justice to his quiet, gentle way, his economy of speech, and his preference at last to rest among his native hills:

CALVIN COOLIDGE, 1872-1933

By Margarette Ball Dickson

I—THE MAN

When cares of state bore down too heavily
He found her side and whispered, "Let's go home."
He never liked the White House, though it be
The corollary of that golden dome,
The Capitol, arena of the fight
Where progress . . . retrogression, lance to lance,
Each claims himself the champion of the right.
A man unmoved by pomp or circumstance,
Of quiet humor, gentle ways and slow,
With red-brown hair, warm color, hazel eyes . . .
A nodded "yes" . . . a clipped and trenchant "no."
His slightest word seemed weighty, pondered, wise.
And yet . . . he "did not choose to run" again
Weary of being all things to all men.

II—CREDO

"Do the day's work," he said, "and do not be
A demagogue because men call you so;
Protect the weak, whoever disagree,
The righteous-strong, as well, though all say no.
Be revolutionary as science, or,
Reactionary as multiplying rules;
Do the day's work; be honest to the core,
Though men may call you standpatters or fools.
Raise not the strong by trampling down the weak;
Nor lift the weak by pulling down the strong . . .
Do the day's work," so much did Coolidge speak—
The silent man of legend and of song.
Will history one day write upon her page
The time of Coolidge was the golden age?

III—HIS GRAVE

Back to the rock-ribbed mountains of Vermont . . .
A silent man among his native hills;
Unmoved alike by over-praise or taunt,
Mob-violence, group-thinking, stubborn ills.
His might have been a shrine in Arlington
Among the mighty, visited by throngs,
His simple choice was, that his day's work done,
He lie with Father . . . son, where wild bird songs
And mountain pines should sound his requiem;
Where speckled trout flash past remembered nooks;
Of alder thickets where the ruffed grouse drum
And scraggly clumps conceal the nests of rooks.
Among the haunts which knew his boyhood feet
His manhood, wearied, found its loved retreat.

HERE is a naive reflection in *The Morning Post* (London). One might ask what did "happen in Lincoln's day" wherein Britons took an active part.

BUSINESS FIRST

By Touchstone

When Freedom fought with her back to the wall,
My friend John pulled his top-boots on,
Picked up his gun and answered the call;
But Uncle Sam didn't give a damn,
It wasn't his business to fight or fall.

Europe in flames from end to end
As more and more plunged into the war,
And when John had no more money to spend
He looked around and in Sam he found
A party with plenty of cash to lend.

John's credit was pledged to the final cent
On behalf of those who, beset by foes,
Were in a financial predicament,
And on warlike gear that was needed here
The money in Sam's big store was spent.

Sam was a sensible sort of chap,
And after long thought he felt he ought
To take a hand in the general scrap.
If Freedom fell it would just be hell,
So he threw his armies into the gap.

But those who borrowed, he says, must pay
Down on the nail and must never fail,
Though they bore the burden and heat of the day
They must foot the bill; but I'm wondering still
What would have happened in Lincoln's day.

THE annals of the poor may be "short and simple," as Gray sung, but this one grieves that there is not even a remembrance left behind. In *Harper's Magazine:*

MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

By Dennis Murphy

Who will lament these simple mountaineers
When presently they take their holiday
In heedless dust, or who will pause to say
Brave threnodies appropriately theirs?
Who will remark this man who cleared frontiers
With glinting axe and grubbed the rooty clay,
Or who will mourn this woman, starved and gray,
After the last lean sunset disappears?
Weep not for Troy, weep not for Greece, nor Rome,
Nor all the marbled peoples of the past.
They will endure in stone. But grieve, instead,
A simpler race whom sorrow leads back home
To quiet clay, unhonored and outcast,
And dumb beside the monumental dead.

GHOSTS—a charming evocation of the eighteenth century—Kitty, the pride of the London stage, and Walpole, the bitter wit of Strawberry Hill. In *The Step Ladder* (Chicago):

KITTY CLIVE VISITS HORACE WALPOLE

By Beulah May

The Thames grows dusky and the night is chill,
Frost nips the marigolds at Strawberry Hill.
Trim all the candles, Kitty Clive is come
And sweeps in flowered panniers through the room
To occupy a couch before the fire,
Smooth down her ruffles and exclaim, admire,
The madcap of ridotto and of stage.
As Horry rattles, all the foolish age,
The gossip of fair Ranelagh and of court,
Duels and scandals serve to make them sport.
The darkened portraits lift their brows to see
Wit and decorum served with cups of tea
The while a dragon, grinning from Cathay,
Props up the tedious works of Thomas Gray.
The candles flicker as the fire drops low—
All, all have vanished in the long ago.

HERE'S a brave resolution. Will she dare carry it out—some day? In *Kaleidograph* (Dallas):

COURAGE

By Dorothy DeZouche

Someday when I'm braver
I'll do as I please!
I'll live in a forest
And romp with the trees.

I'll wear what I choose
And I'll not mend my hose
Or cock my hat rightly
Or powder my nose.

No smart quips from me
While my tea's being poured,
And I'll get up and leave
The minute I'm bored.

And when folk lift their eyebrows
And say, "Isn't she odd?"
I'll grin up my sleeve
And keep playing with God!

THE *Lyrichord* (Vol. I, Springfield, Mass.) visits this desk and contains this poetic account of a usual phenomenon:

LOW-FLYING GEESE

By Howard Shurtleff

It was a phantom fleet of fog-bewildered birds
That suddenly burst upon my sight,
Out of the mist that shrouded earth they came,
With grey sails set for ports beyond the night.

Noiseless and spectral, like the hand of death,
So near I could almost touch their wings,
They moved, though moveless seemed each separate one
And they were gone, strangest of earthly things.

Death and love, and far lands to conquer,
The moth-like silence of their passing spells,
Where down the unknown ways, there darkly gathers
Strange light upon the sails of misty caravels.

Ah, tell me not that mystery is dead,
That God speaks to the heart no more,
For since these living clouds passed overhead
I am not what I was before.

OLD memories, old friends are meeting Mr. Masefield on his visit here, and no Englishman is more welcome. Here's a greeting in the Toronto *Daily Star:*

TO JOHN MASEFIELD

By J. Lewis Milligan

(A Symbolical Salutation by a Liverpudlian)

Hello! Jack Masefield, ho! what cheer!
And when did you come ashore?
I haven't seen you this twenty year,
Since that trip to Singapore.

We met in "The Man At The Wheel," do ye mind,
Down there by the Sailor's Home,
When fortune to both had been unkind—
There was nought left but to roam.

So we took a "jump" at the Prince's Dock,
And we sailed by the midnight tide;
We slid 'neath the stars through the open lock,
Out into the sea so wide.

Ah, Jack, old pal, it was all so strange,
And the old home pulled like pain,
For we knew we had launched on a life of change,
And 'twould ne'er be the same again.

But with the dawn on the heaving blue,
The wave crests tipped with foam,
Our hearts were turned to far lands and new,
And we thought no more of home.

On hard-tack and bully-beef we fed,
We watched alone on the deep,
Till "eight bells" struck and we went to bed,
And were rocked like a child to sleep.

'Twas a rough and homeless life, old man,
But we stuck it well together,
And we chummed, as only sailors can,
Through fair and dirty weather.

You used to dream, and the drunken Mate,
He called you "a broody fool!"
He could not see the Poet Laureate
In that fellow from Liverpool.

We parted, you mind, beneath the moon,
On the wharf at old Bombay;
You sailed in a schooner for Rangoon,
I sailed for the West next day.

Aye, you sailed East and I sailed West,
And little we thought we'd meet,
Two mariners in the endless quest,
On a crowded Toronto street!

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Trailing Along.—"What happens to the horses you follow, Albert?"

"Oh, they usually follow the other horses."—*Answers.*

Order in the Court!—JUDGE (in dentist chair)—"Do you swear that you will pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Try a Nice Balloon.—MAIDEN AUNT (in department store)—"Now I—er—want a nice toy, please, suitable for a small boy whose father is very corpulent and unable to do any kneeling."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Wifey's Second Name.—AUTO SALESMAN—"Yes, sir, this car is absolutely the very last word."

CUSTOMER—"Good! I'll take it. My wife loves it."—*Humorist.*

But Some Bustle Wouldn't Hurt.—Determined to make a good job of it, the prophets of gloom are now reviving the rumor that the bustle is coming back.—*Springfield Union.*

Warding Off the Wallops.—"Do your new spectacles help your eyes, Johnny?" asked the neighbor.

"Yes'm. I never have my eyes blacked now like I used to before I wore 'em."—*Boston Transcript.*

Oh, That Head!—MISTRESS (explaining routine to new cook)—"Now, my husband always goes to his club on Wednesday evenings."

COOK—"I understand, ma'am. So he won't want no breakfast on Thursdays."—*Humorist.*

Peace Offering.—ELSIE—"My mama got a nice present yesterday an' she frew her arms around papa's neck. What does your mama do when she gets a nice present?"

EDDIE—"She tells daddy she'll forgive him, but he mustn't stay out late again."—*Boston Transcript.*

Paris and Bust.—"Darling, have you made all arrangements for our elopement?"

"Yes, my love. We take the Zeppelin to South America, get married in Rio, announce our marriage from New York, ask for forgiveness in Cherbourg, and wire from Paris for the return fare home."—*Frankfurter Illustrierte.*

Economy Wins.—It used to be said that whenever a Scot got to London he never went back home—except to fetch his brother. That notion is out of date, according to Lord Dewar, who remarked recently: "There are not nearly so many Scots traveling down to London as there used to be. They get born in London, nowadays, to save the fare."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

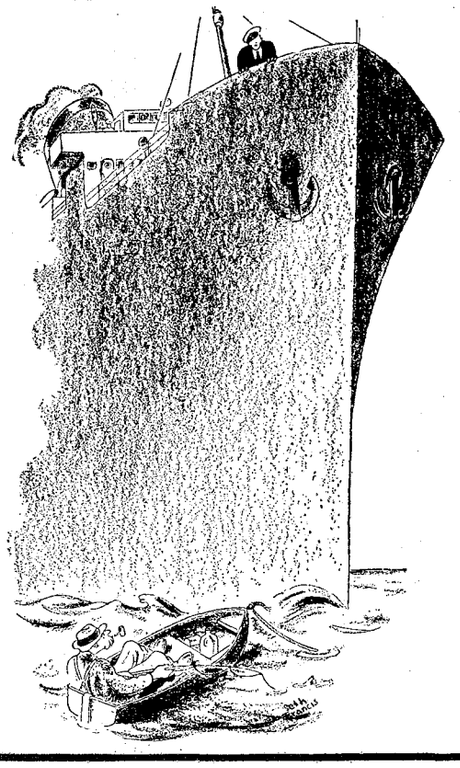
Stampede Incomplete.—"Yes, it was a sad case about Hayes. Since he lost all his money half his friends don't know him any more."

"What about the other half?"

"They don't know yet that he has lost it."—*Moncton Transcript.*

Followed the Prescription.—POLICE-SERGEANT—"It's a case of larceny, isn't it, sir?"

DOCTOR—"Er—not exactly, sergeant. You see, I told him to take something warm immediately, and as he went out he took my overcoat."—*The Humorist (London).*



"Hey! Get that big tub out of here! You're scarin' all the fish!" —"Pastime."

Martyr to Art.—STEEPLEJACK—"'Ullo, Bert! Where's that mate you took on—the chap that used to be an artist?"

SECOND DITTO—"'Aven't you 'eard? Soon as he laid a couple of bricks, he stept back off the scaffolding to admire 'is work."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Bossie's Little Weakness.—A city girl visiting her uncle on the farm was watching a cow chewing her cud.

"Pretty fine cow, that," said her uncle as he came by.

"Yes," said the girl, "but doesn't it cost a lot to keep her in chewing-gum?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

He Caught a Tartar.—Poor old Hiram. He went up to New York determined to make his fortune pulling some skin games on innocent strangers. However, the first fellow he tried to sell the Brooklyn Bridge to turned out to be the owner of the darn thing, and if Hi hadn't paid him ten dollars to keep quiet the man would have had him arrested.—*Brown Jug.*

Ghost Furbearer.—A rabbit is a little animal that grows the fur other animals get credit for when it's made into a lady's coat.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Popular Pursuit.—Heard in passing: "See that dog chasing his tail?"

"Poor little cuss. He is trying to make both ends meet."—*Buffalo Evening News.*

"Wish You Were Here."—SAILOR (struggling in the water)—"Help, I can't swim. Drop me a line."

FACETIOUS SHIPMATE—"Sure, and you write to me occasionally, too."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Reversing Poor Richard.—

Friends have become to us
Friends indeed,
For every new friend is
A friend in need.

—*C. M. in the Boston Transcript.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

New Technocratic Term?—Retail Store Men Optimitic.
—*New York Sun.*

She Deserves a Medal.—

Pound Mother
Gives Birth To
25 Pound Boy

—*Whitesburg (Ky.) paper.*

Mimetic Diplomacy.—Secretary Stimson was instructed immediately to imitate negotiations with Great Britain arranging for the projected conference—*Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress.*

Holding the Bag.—Of the $8,355,000 of the Mobile & Ohio bonds outstanding before the trustee asked for tenders of them, $8,355,000 was held by the Southern Railway and $279,500 by the public.—*New York Times.*

Security for the Brave.—Their camp consisting of somewhat leaky tents and other outdoor paraphernalia is enclosed in barbed wife, which is designed to protect he men when the lions are loosed on the island.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Crowded Hour.—The engagement is announced of Mr. Edward T. B——, of Clifton, Bristol, and Miss Mary R——, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. R——, of Wellington, New Zealand.

Cremation took place later at Golders Green.—*London Morning Post.*

Pipes Mixed.—A soldiers' aid recipient, seeking an increase in compensation, offered among other things as the basis of his plea, the claim that his throat had been injured while singing in the army. He had joined in so lustily that his esophagus was permanently affected.—*Springfield (Mass.) Daily News.*

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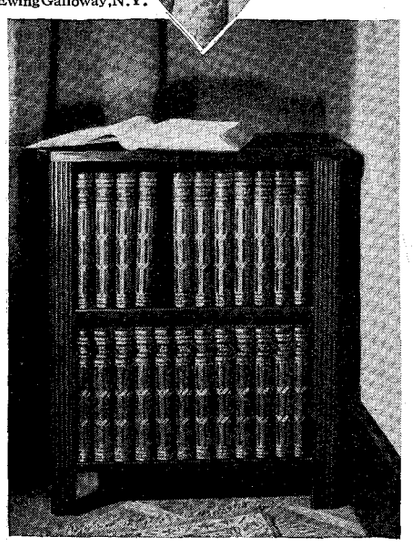

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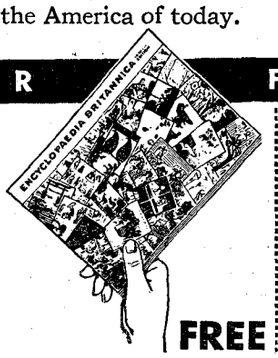

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